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FROM

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© GUZMAN THE GOOD :

A TRAGEDY.

THE SECRETARY :

A PLAY.

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

R. J. GILMAN.

©

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GUZMAN THE GOOD.

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SANCHO, King of Castile.

ALONZO DE GUZMAN (called the Good), Governor of
the Fortress.

PEDRO DE GUZMAN, his son.

VASQUEZ, a faithful follower of Guzman.

CARRARES, a Spanish noble.

JUAN, bastard brother of the King, in league with the
Moors.

ABEN JACOB, King of Fez.

THE LADY CORONELA, wife to Guzman.

INEZ, a noble maiden, ward to Guzman.

ZORA, sister to Aben Jacob.

PHILIPPA, Juan's mistress.

NOBLES, PRIESTS, PHYSICIAN, ATTENDANTS, &c., &c.

SCENE. *The Fortress of Tarifa, and the
Moorish camp without.*

Time, 1294.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE leading incidents of this tragedy, and its chief characters are historical. The fortress of Tarifa was besieged by Aben-Jacob, King of Fez and Morocco, with his ally, the turbulent and licentious Prince Juan, brother of Sancho, King of Castile, and the defence of the place was voluntarily assumed by Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman, surnamed "The Good." Juan had some time previously undertaken to conduct Guzman's son to the court of Portugal, but instead of fulfilling the trust, carried him to Tangier, and there invited the invasion of the Moors. Unsuccessful in their attack on the fortress, the confederates formed the diabolical scheme of extorting its surrender by threatening the life of the youth, and Guzman remaining faithful to his trust, his son was slaughtered under the castle walls. Quintana* thus describes the scene of Guzman's temptation, and its issue:—
"Dragging their manacled victim from his tent, they exhibited him to his parent, declaring that if the place were not immediately surrendered, his son should be slain before his eyes. At sight of his boy in such a situation, upon hearing his piercing cries, and the fierce threats of the assassins, tears of the
"Lives of Celebrated Spaniards."

most bitter anguish flowed down the father's cheeks; but his sworn faith to his king, the safety of his country, and the indignation naturally excited by so execrable a deed struggled with his nature, and eventually triumphed, thus constituting him a perfect hero against the iniquity of man and the severity of fortune. 'I begat no son,' exclaimed the heart-torn Guzman, 'that he should be employed against my country, on the contrary, I begat a son for my country, in order that he might act against her enemies. If Don Juan give him death, to me he will give glory, to my child eternal life, and to himself eternal infamy in this world, and condemnation in that to come. And further, that it may be seen how far it is from my intention to surrender the place, and falter in my duty, I herewith fling my steel, if perchance, a weapon should be wanting to complete this most atrocious deed.' He then drew the war knife which he carried at his belt, hurled it into the midst of the enemy's camp, and retired from the walls of the castle." Soon after the murder of Pedro, the Moors met with a severe defeat, and the place still holding out, the siege was raised. Juan ended his infamous career many years afterwards, in the reign of Alonzo XI., by whom, although under a safe conduct, he was put to death. Thus traitorously?

slaughtered, the traitor died. Guzman the Good fell gloriously in achieving the conquest of Gibraltar from the Moors in the year 1306. From him are descended lineally or collaterally some of the noblest families of Spain; amongst them, the Counts of Montijo, ancestors of the Empress Eugénie.

For the incident in the tragedy of the stratagem by which Pedro is made prisoner, the author is indebted to Henry Neale's Romance of History, Section Spain, by Don T. de Trueba, whose narrative has been pretty closely followed in other points, such as Don Juan's infamous offer either to buy or sell the Fortress, Guzman's chivalrous reply, and his refusal to hold as hostage for his son the envoy himself. The character of Philippa is imaginary, and like the mission of Carrares to communicate with the Spanish army, is introduced to add interest to the story, by making its catastrophe not entirely dependent on the fortitude and fidelity of Guzman, which it must be felt from the first, cannot fail. Mrs. Hemans has treated the same subject in her dramatic poem of the "Siege of Valencia," a work containing much beautiful poetry, and passages of great pathos, eloquence, and power. At the conclusion of that poem her hero, Alvar Gonzalez, is made to die very nobly indeed, but the Author thought

he took a higher view in adhering to history, and showing Guzman faithful unto death, triumphant over his mighty sorrow, and living to serve his country. To write up to the epithet of "Good" and yet avoid the presentation of a faultless and vapid being, at once above and below human sympathy, was no easy task. The author feels that he has fallen far short of his ideal, but his aim has been a high one, and he can only entreat indulgence for the attempt to embody in his hero our Wordsworth's noble character of "The Happy Warrior."

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

* * *

One, "who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

* * *

Who, doomed to go in company with pain
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;

* * *

He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans

To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

*

*

*

More able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence also more alive to tenderness.

*

*

*

More brave for this, that he has much to love.

*

*

*

And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of heaven's applause.

This is the happy warrior ; this is he

Whom every man in arms should wish to be."



— 111 —

GUZMAN THE GOOD.

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

SANCHO, King of Castile.

ALONZO DE GUZMAN (called the Good), Governor of
the Fortress.

PEDRO DE GUZMAN, his son.

VASQUEZ, a faithful follower of Guzman.

CARRARES, a Spanish noble.

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PHILIPPA, Juan's mistress.

NOBLES, PRIESTS, ATTENDANTS, &c., &c.

SCENE. *The Fortress of Tarifa, and the Moorish
camp without.*

Time, 1294.

GUZMAN THE GOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Fortress.* GUZMAN seated,
around him PEDRO, CARRARES, VASQUEZ, and
NOBLES. *Soldiers.*

Guz. Ere we give audience to the envoy
Who waits without, Vasquez, do thou report,
How stand these old walls now supplied with stores?

Vas. For three weeks good feeding as Christians
should ;

And, eating our poor horses, full another.

Car. Rather than yield the place, we'll eat their
harness.

Guz. Well spoken, like a true Castilian !
Oh ! it doth make me young again, to see
Your cheerful looks and confident behaviour,
My gallant comrades, and ye faithful soldiers,
No common cause had power to call me forth.

Caparisoned again in warlike suit ;
My grey hairs hidden 'neath an iron cap,
And my old limbs clasped in with bristling armour ;
The blood now creeps that once leapt through these
veins,

But, Spain, it still is thine :—'twas not ambition
That made me seek from Sancho, our brave king,
The chief command in this—the key of Spain ;
For me the robe of state has little charm,
I've learned that ev'ry gem that glistens on it
Making it glorious, makes it heavy too.

Think not, then, I covet

This cumbrous pomp ; but shame eat up my name
If I would shun it, or hold back my arm,
My country needing it. Where is the son
Could hear his mother call on him for aid,
Nor fly to succour her against a thousand !
Our country is our mother—it was she
Who gave us life, and from her gentle breast
Still yields us nourishment ; and shall we then
When, in her need, she calls upon her children,
And stretches out her arms, and bids them help her ;
Shall we, can we, be wanting ? Glistening eyes
And flushing cheeks speak for you ; it were shame
To doubt your steadfastness, or our success,
Heaven blessing, as 'twill bless, our righteous cause.
Admit the envoy now, and with strong hearts
But courteous ears, let us receive his message.

[*Enter JUAN in the dress of a herald.*]

Ju. Thus, lowly bending, to the noble Guzman,
Unto Castile no reverence we use.

Ped. Save when ye feel in fight; Castilian swords.

Guz. Let those swords speak, then. Listen to the
message.

Ju. Pardon, noble Sir,
If ought that was unseemly passed my lips :
Ill should I execute my high commission,
Lacking respect before the noblest knight
That ever swayed the fortunes of a war.

Guz. Sirrah ! thy message. I do not sit here
To list a tale of hollow compliment.
What would your general and king with us ?

Ju. My message, noble Guzman,
Is for thine own and not the general ear.

Guz. When yestermorn your powers came forth
to war,
And swarmed like clustering bees upon our ramparts
Which of these chiefs lifted a nerveless arm ?
And, in the eve, not lacking courtesy,
When we returned your morning salutation,
Which then was backward of this noble throng ?
If such there be, point out, he shall retire ;
If not, declare your message.

Ju. If it must be so, thus then I tell it.
Look forth, brave Guzman, look forth from thy ram-
parts,

Behold the numerous and brave array,
The countless host, victors in every fight,
That hem thee here ; supplied with every engine
That art can frame, or valour can direct :
See the sun glistening on their polished arms,
The deepening shadow of their serried ranks ;
Think of the famous chiefs who lead them on ;
The pleasant breeze, that dries upon thy forehead
The blood and sweat of war, is treacherous,
For every gale wafts foemen to thy shores.
How canst thou hope then to withstand our power ?
These gallant forces, swelling like a flood,
Have power to crush, but rather far would spare ;
And Aben Jacob bids me offer thee
The lives of all : in honourable guise,
Armed, and with banner floating, shall ye march,
So that, ere sunset, thou dost render up
The place, which e'en thine enemies must own
Has been most well defended. Need I say,
To thee, Don Guzman, well styled wise and "good,"
The stubbornest must bend to circumstance ;
And clinging with a mad tenacity
To that we cannot hold, doth savour more
Of brutish frenzy than of manly valour.

Guz. And didst thou come for nothing, then, but
this ?

To tell us there were walls and ramparts round us,
That Spaniards were within, and Moors without ?

Take our brief answer.

We came to hold, and not to yield this place ;
And we do mean to hold it. When the day
Shall dawn that hears the cymbal clash in air,
The trumpet silent ;—sees the crescent mount
Toward the pure sky, and veiled the holy Cross ;
Then, then indeed, your triumph loud proclaim ;
But may these old eyes close before that day of shame !

Ju. 'Tis pity that so many gallant men
Should vainly fall ; would Guzman but consider,
If now there were a way to save this town,
Might not a chief like him even, could it be,
Avail himself of its advantages,
And thus retain the place by policy,
The conduct of the shrewd and skilful brain.

Guz. Speak plainly, I am weary of this game.

Ju. Shortly and plain, I will—behold my drift.
While Aben Jacob breathes but iron war,
His comrade and ally, the Prince Don Juan,
Bade me essay to learn if, unrewarded,
The deed should go that placed within thy power
The Moorish king, and all his numerous host,
Or changed the course of that red stream of war,
That else sweeps on to devastate your land.

Guz. Oh ! traitor ! traitor ! doubly dyed in guilt !
Is't not enough that he, the oft forgiven,
Who turned his brother's mercy into folly,
By his oft practised still repeated treason—

Is't not enough that he should join the foes
 That war against his brother, land, and faith,
 But would he sell them also in their turn ?
 Away, away !—my spirit loathes the man
 That could but bear so vile, so foul a message.

Vas. Think'st thou a chaffering merchant governs
 here ?

That thus thou comest with a shifting face
 To offer safety now to desperate men
 In very kindness, and anon to beg
 A golden cordial for defeated valour ?

Ju. The Prince Don Juan—

Guz. Dare not name his name,
 Lest I forget thy customary privilege
 And on thy back with scourges write my answer.

Ju. And must I bear no other answer back ?

Vas. Thy bare back soon shall bear so sore a
 message,
 That thou shalt wish thou had'st been back the sooner.

Ju. Hoary barbarian ! stint these ribald jests.
 Most noble Guzman, I await your answer.

Guz. Thou hast it, sir, away—the road is clear—
 “ Good knights nor buy nor sell the victory ; ”*
 Let him have due refreshment ; afterwards
 Conduct him safely, Pedro, from the fortress.

Ju. [*Aside.*] Beyond my hopes ! the young bird
 shall be mine,

* This reply is historical.

For all the old one's chatter. I've a way
To avenge this scorn. [*Aloud.*] Guzman, the good,
farewell. [*Exit JUAN, guarded.*]

Guz. Another care now presses on our time,
Let us go see our wounded, dying brothers.
Oh, God, the guilt, and savagery of war !
Oh, that the conqueror in his hour of triumph,
'Mid pealing bells, and shouts and pageantry,
Would think what discords mingle with the music,
The agonising cries that rend the air,
The wailing and the sorrows, blood and tears.
Ambition, from thy pageant turn aside,
Go view the horrors of the hospital ;
See there red carnage shew his reeking face,
Hear curses rise from deathbeds mad with pain,
Instead of holy prayers ; then ask thyself
The question e'en the mightiest one day
Will have to answer without paltering,
How many feet of land outweigh one human life ?

[*Exeunt GUZMAN, &c.*]

[*PEDRO is passing out at the other side.*]

Car. I pray thee do not go ; I fain would have
Some converse with thee.

Ped. I must seek the envoy.

Vas. Let not that hinder, I will hie and see
If he be ready to set out, and faith,
Had I the ordering of his morning's meal,
I'd feed the dog with hog's flesh.

Ped. Feed him with what thou wilt, but bring him hither,

As quickly as it may be, noble Vasquez.

Vas. I am not noble, wherefore call me so ?
My father kept the sheep he did not own.

Car. So mak'st thou him a sheep-stealer—

Vas. Thou liest !

Car. What ?

Ped. Nay, nay, thou know'st him surely,
Why, he has general liberty of speech
From all, e'en Guzman's self ; remember also
Thou gav'st the first blow, though a jesting one.

Vas. And why, Sir Peacemaker, did'st call me noble ?

I value not a straw your noble blood ;
Hold up your hand by mine, can see it flowing ?
A fig then for your pure Castilian,
My Arab hack shows his and shames nobility.

Ped. Well, well, good Vasquez, then—

Vas. I am not good,
Your father's good, it is his dearest title ;
Even his foes bestow the name upon him.
I've followed him for well nigh forty years ;
Spain holds not such another. Fare ye well,
I go to send the Moor.

Car. Farewell, brave Vasquez.

Vas. I am not very sure that I am brave ;
My head would quickly turn to 'scape an arrow ;

Or, seeing steel flash light across my eyes,
Should I not wink them ?

Ped. Did'st wink them, Vasquez, when thou got'st
that scar ?

It is a shrewd one, though 'tis wearing out.

Vas. Nay, is it ?—I would wear it to my grave !
Young man, young man, the day I got that scar,
Your noble father—noble, brave and good—
In years a youth, a veteran in deeds,
Led our Castilian chivalry in war.
We were o'ermatched so far as numbers went,
But numbers were not thought of—
Our soldiers fought as each owned twenty lives,
And well the Paynims battled—not a step
Of our advance but cost a hundred lives,
While ever and anon, our Guzman's voice
Pealed like a clarion mid the bloody ranks.
Then, when the foe amazed, beheld his prowess,
Crowding around, they sought to bear him down.
Faint with many a wound, fatigued, sore-pressed,
Your father then had fallen—had not I——

Ped. Why dost thou pause ? On, Vasquez, with
thy story.

Vas. Nay, let some other tongue conclude the
tale :

Why should I be a braggart of my deeds ?
You'll laugh at the old man behind his back,
And call him babbler ; nay, nay, do not mind,

It warms me when I think upon that day,
And I do feel some pride then, of this scar.
I will go fetch this specious smooth-tongued Moor :
[To CAR.] You've wished me gone this half hour, I
could see. [Exit.

Ped. As rough as winter in his speech ; in heart
As warm as gentle May :—had never man
A truer follower than rude old Vasquez.
But now, Carrares, time and place both serving,
Tell me, in what dost thou desire my counsel ?

Car. You blamed me yesternight, because I led
So far within the Moorish lines, I scarcely
Could win my way back, but the cause you knew not.

Ped. I thought you mad, as other lovers are.

Car. Love is indeed my madness, and must be so :
Nor do I think thou, Pedro, art so free
As thou affect'st to be of that distemper.
When, Pedro, last I wooed thy lovely cousin,
She scoffed at me that I should speak of love
In times like these, and bade me not approach her,
Until I brought with me the Moorish ensign,
That waves above the tent of Aben Jacob.

Ped. A mad girl is she, and more mad wer't thou
To strive to please her fancies : why, the tent
Is so entrenched within the Moorish lines
It were impossible to reach the spot.

Car. I know it well, and own that I did wrong
Risking my soldiers' lives in the attempt :

But now, my wit, that never yet did serve me
At the moment that I needed it ; but left me,
As in her presence, when I would have spoken
A thousand things most eloquent to move her,
And, in the stead, could only stand and gaze
With scarce the brains to stammer even ; now
My wit has hit upon a plan, which may,
With your help, aid my suit :—wilt grant it me ?

Ped. Thou know'st me for a friend ; command my
service.

Car. Thou oft hast said, and my fond heart
believes it,

That in despite of all her coy disdain,
Her pride, and scoffs, and mocks, sweet Inez loves me.

Ped. I surely think it.

Car. If it be so then,

It cannot be but it would wake remorse
If in the attempt to gain the banner, I
Had fallen beneath the swarming Moslemah.
She has not seen me since the last night's sally,
Nor heard of my return.

Ped. I like your purpose

Within an hour contrive to hide thyself.
The place, I have it ; in the Eastern chamber ;
One of the niches will give good concealment :
And I will bring her thither ; when her pride
Is melted in her pity, come thou forth,
And Cupid speed the wooing.

Car. Thanks, my friend.

An hour hence : indeed, indeed, I thank thee.

Here comes the Moorish envoy ; fare thee well.

[*Exit CARRARES.*

Enter JUAN and VASQUEZ.

Vas. There is thy charge, and if I had thy office,
I should be glad to do it, and be quit of it.

[*Exit VASQUEZ.*

Ped. I pray you, sir, in courtesy inform me,
If in these wars the lovely Lady Zora
Follows her brother.

Ju. Wherefore do you ask ?
Know you the lady ?

Ped. Ere these wars began,
The King of Fez, her father, was with mine
Most closely leagued in bonds of amity ;
And in our childhood, and our early youth,
(Her brother, now the king, being often absent)
I was her chief companion, in some sort,
Filling a brother's place.

Ju. 'Tis very like.

Ped. You have not yet said if within your camp
Her beauty sheds its lustre.

Ju. There it shines.
Her beauty in our rugged camp doth show
Like a young dove blazed on an iron shield ;
Nay, start not at my language, noble sir,
Herald of love, as well as war I came.

I know, though thou would'st hide it, well I know,
How gladly thou would'st cherish that sweet dove
Within thy fostering bosom : one word more.
Had it to choose a place to build its nest,
As I do live, I think 'twould choose no other.

[*Giving him a letter.*]

Ped. It is her own ; it is her own dear hand,
How shall I thank thee ? Gold, or richest gems——

Ju. Nay, nay, I am not covetous ; I do look
Elsewhere for my reward ; what ? you a lover !
You have not broke the seal yet : [*aside*] can it be
That he suspects ? nay, nay, he is but rapt.

Ped. Yes, it is so : her hand hath traced these
lines :

My wealth's so great, that miser like, I could
Enjoy it by only gazing on it ! every flitting moment
Doth rob me of an age of happiness,
Yet never felt I fuller joy than this.

Ju. [*Aside.*] Humph ! he is easily pleased.

Ped. [*Reads.*]

*"If years have not taught thee to forget the friend of
thy young days, or these cruel wars set thy heart against
her who must ever sisterly love thee, thou wilt not fear to
adventure this night through the Moorish lines to the tent
of Zora. The bearer of this will direct thee."*

Ped. Forget thee ! dare adventure ! I would go,
Though at the very moment that I saw thee,
Death struck me down ; oh ! I could die most happy.

Ju. [*Aside.*] It may be so ; who knows ? oh !
well-limed twig !

Ped. I pray thee, tell me, how, and when, and
where——

Ju. I know what you would ask, but now too long
Have we discoursed together : as we go
I will instruct you how to shape your course.
Trust me that you shall meet your most dear mistress,
And that right soon : come, come away, good Pedro ;
Guzman the good's wise son, come, come brave Pedro.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Hall of the Fortress.*—INEZ and
ATTENDANT.

In. Hush, hush ! speak low, within that niche he
lies——

The other parent of this most sage plot
Will soon be here :—look you from out the window,
See if my politic cousin this way come.

At. [*Looking from the window.*] He has returned
from leading hence the Moor,
And crosses now the court. Pray look you, madam.

In. [*Goes to the window also.*] I see him now : oh !
do but look at him
Twisting and pulling every several feature
Into most proper and becoming sorrow.
We shall have rare sport. I am glad, my girl,
Your lover played the eaves-dropper, and told

Of this same dainty plot ; give him three kisses,
He well deserves them and we should be just.
The play begins—I must not laugh outright,
Lest they suspect us.

Enter PEDRO.

Why, how now, fair coz,
What is the matter that you look so sad ?
Your face for all the world looks like a gravestone ;
Death, skulls, and crossbones carved on ev'ry feature.

Ped. Is my face full of grief ? would thine were so.

In. Oh ! I'll look sad, and thou'lt say something
pretty

'Bout clouds and sunshine, roses, dew, and such like ;
And yet I think thy verse would be so bad
It would not mend the face that I should mar.
And so, no more of peevish melancholy,
It is not suiting to my style of beauty :
And I will none of it : now, prithee, tell me
Do not the smiles I now put on become me
Fifty times more than sourness such as thine ?
It sets my teeth on edge to look upon thee.

Car. [*From the niche.*] Think you she heard it ?

Ped. Hush ! I know she has.

[*Aloud.*] Smiles hang like jewels upon beauty, cousin,
Yet jewels are not at all seasons worn ;
And tears are lovely, coming from the heart :
You cannot know—surely you have not heard—
Or you could scarce display such levity,

C

That brave Carrares, in the evening sally,
Fell in the field.

In. I am very sorry for him ;
Alas ! poor youth ! what shall I do for mourning ?
Oh ! it is grievous ! Isabel, my girl,
I havn't got a yard of cypress left.
Plague take this tedious siege.

Ped. Heavens ! can it be ?—Is this a woman's
sorrow ?

Or hast thou heard, or dost thou understand me ?
Knows't thou that he thou speak'st of was my friend ?
Dost thou not know he truly, fondly, loved thee ;
That thy light words to him were holy precepts,
And that this love so true, so fond, and faithful
Bestowed unworthily, hath cost his life ?

In. Upon my little honour this is strange :—
There is no pleasing thee—why art thou angry ?
I am too well bred to weep, but indeed, Pedro,
I am very sorry to have lost my lover.

Car. [*From the niche.*] She has no more of feeling
than her glove.

Ped. But now in scorn thou called'st my face a
gravestone ;

If it be so, look on it, and read there
How well I loved and valued him ; peruse
In the sad lines there traced, his epitaph.

In. Nay, I was never fond of epitaphs,
They are so full of false expression, cousin.

Maid. Madam, I think, although we have no cypress,

There's crape enough ; 'twill make a goodly dress.

In. Well, set to work, my girl :—of that new pattern,

Full in the skirt and gathered at the waist :

'Tis fit we showed respect.

Ped. Show common feeling.

Car. [*From the niche.*] I do believe she's glad to have me dead ;

So she may go in mourning for me. Oh,

I would I were away ; plague take these schemes.

Ped. Yet, for one moment hear me, heartless thing.

Wilt shed no tear for one who dearly loved thee ?

Valiant and just, yet kind and merciful ;

In fight a lion.

In. Cousin, I must say,

When near to me, he looked more like the beast

That wore the lion's skin. Dost know its name ?

And yet, I doubt not of his bravery,

For on my life I have seen him beat his page——

Car. [*Advancing.*] I think I could beat thee.

In. Help, help, oh ! murder !

It is his ghost : you are dead, you know you are :

You have no business to be walking thus

To frighten honest people : don't come near me !

Oh ! what a churchyard smell ! some holy water.

Maid. Help, help ! some holy water ; help ! help !
help !

Ped. Hush your fool's tongue ; 'tis nothing but a
trick.

In. Aye, but you know you told me he was dead :
Is he resuscitate ?

Car. We only feigned it.

In. Did you so, indeed ?
Best lay your next plot better, gentlemen. [*INEZ and*
MAID laugh heartily.]

Car. Thou think'st now, I'll be sworn, this
angers me.

In. Oh ! surely no ; you look not angry, sir ;
There is no anger in that quivering lip ;
The restless step bespeaks an easy mind ;
Your cheek is flushed, but 'tis with mirth no
doubt :

You are not angry. [*CARRARES laughs affectedly.*]
That was a hearty laugh too, and a loud one
Angry men do not laugh.

Car. Aye, aye, go on ;—make yourself merry,
madam.

In. I should be so in merry company ;
And my sweet cousin, who is wearing now
Upon his hazy countenance, a strange,
An undefinable, an odd expression ;
A something 'twixt a smile and grin ; he too
No doubt is very merry.

Ped.

Come away.

We shall meet nothing here but jeers and laughter.

Car. By Heaven I will not budge; I'll stay to
show

I care not for thy scorn—no, not a whit;

Of all the devils ever did torment

The race of man, since Adam wedded Eve,

Thou art the worst. Think not I care for thee.

In. Of all the toys that ever woman had

To make her merry with, since mother Eve

Did plague old Adam, as no doubt she did,

I hold thee for the best: I truly love thee,

Thou serv'st so very well to make me sport.

Car. By Heaven I'll beat thee.

In.

Do: best draw thy sword.

And I will stand, and with my needle armed,

Thus will I do thee battle. Canst thou frown?

Why, I can do so too:—look now upon me,

Or say thou couldst outfrown me. Canst thou hope

To stand one moment 'gainst a look like this?

Car. Enchanting torment!

In.

Nay, sir, pray stand off

I fear such close encounters: fare-thee-well:

Best rub your wits together, gentlemen,

An hour or so each morning, and that way

They may be bright perhaps when you are grey.

[*Exeunt INEZ and MAID.*]

Ped. Carrares!

Car. Pedro !

Ped. Oh ! these subtle wenches !
Their wits are sharp as needles.

Car. And they use them
On us poor men as we were their embroidery—
Working what shapes they will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ZORA'S *Tent*. ZORA *alone*.

Zora. 'Tis strange he comes not : can the guard
have stopped him ?
I will not think that evil hath befallen :
My brother's care would have insured his safety,
Although no angel from the starry courts
Hung watchful over ; hush ! I hear a step—
'Tis but the dull pace of the sentinel :
My spirits are too wild : how my heart beats ;
It is not thus that I should meet with him :
I will look out upon the quiet stars,
Those gentle, silent wonders of the night ;
How solemnly and calmly they look down
Upon this world of sin, and strife and sorrow.
Let me collect my thoughts, and not forget,
In my own selfish happiness, the cause
Entrusted to me by my brother, nor
That maidenly respect now bids me shew
A more reserved deportment than of yore.
Again I hear a step—'tis he, 'tis he.

Enter PEDRO.

[ZORA flings herself into his arms ; then suddenly disengaging herself.]

I had forgot ; we are not children now.

Ped. Nay, do not check thy gentle impulses ;
My heart is child-like in its purity.
And true as truth itself thou needs't not fear me.
Beauty and virtue, joined together, shed
A holy atmosphere of goodness round them :
When I approach thy presence, sweet, I feel
As I were entering some hallowed temple :
One wrongful thought toward thee were sacrilege.

Zo. I cannot doubt it ; do not think I can :
Wrong not thine own heart's sister's love so much,
As to believe she thinks thou cans't forget
The frank affection of our bygone days.
Their memory comes stealing over me,
Like the rich fragrance of that orange grove
Where hand-linked, heart-linked, oft we used to
wander.

Ped. Oh ! Zora, prithee do not check thy speech,
I live again those days in these sweet moments ;
Feel in all purity and tenfold strength
The working of the mighty power of love .
That God ordained should join our hearts together :
Nay, tremble not ; 'tis with no childish passion
That now I speak, but with all solemnness.
I tell thee that my heart——

Zo. I may not hear thee ;
My tongue, I fear, has prattled much too wildly,
Encouraging thy boldness ; now no more.
And yet, my Pedro, think me not unkind ;
In very truth, I would I were a child,
Whom thou might'st gently chide,

Ped. And kiss thee weeping.

Zo. How long we've wasted now in idle talk.
Those sisters sweet, the pretty Pleiades,
Had not arisen when I watched for thee,
And see now where they are. I looked for them ;
You used to love them so.

Ped. Nay, say not wasted,
It wants two hours ere the day shall break,
And force me hence, ah ! how reluctantly !

Zo. Oh ! what a dream thy words have waked me
from :

I sent for thee, my Pedro, that thou might'st
Essay to stop these cruel wars. Thy father
Would do so sure on honourable terms,
My sterner brother, though——

Ped Thy brother, Zora !

Zo. Why dost thou start at mention of his name ?

Ped. And knows thy brother then that I am
here ?

Zo. Surely ; himself proposed that thou should'st
come.

Ped. Lost, lost, betrayed !

Zo. Alas ! what do you mean ?
Where learned you this suspicion ? you do wrong him :
Austere he has been called, but treacherous, never.

Ped. Oh ! thy heart is guileless,
I am the victim, here, then, let me die,
Even before this altar of my worship.

[*Throws himself at her feet.*

Enter JUAN.

Ju. Pardon, fond pair, if I disturb these raptures.

Ped. Lady, behold !

Zo. No, no, it cannot be.
What means this insolent intrusion, sir ?
How hast thou dared at this still hour of night
To break in thus upon my privacy.

Ju. I grieve if I have marred the sweet enjoyment
Of which I was so late the pleased spectator :
The time was opportune, the lady kind,
And doubtless——

Ped. Villain ! rein thy slanderous tongue,
Or I will tear it out, and even now,
Although thy murderers be backing thee,
As sure I think thou daredst not come alone,
Something I'll do, although my body be
Pierced like a target, grisly all with wounds. [*Draws.*]

Ju. [*Stamps with his foot, SOLDIERS enter.*]
Boy, with small beard, less wit, thou art a prisoner :
Look to him, soldiers ; if he stir a foot,
Hilt deep. You 'understand me ?

Ped.

Coward !

Ju.

Lover !

Zo. Beware of what you do ; yon gentleman
Wears on his finger, guards, your master's signet ;
Who shall control its power ?

Ju.

Himself I take it ;

When himself is here, as presently he will be,
And, until then, I, acting by his orders.

Zo. Alas ! alas ! no, no ; it cannot be ;
Sure human hearts are made of better stuff ;
But, that my brother—I will not believe it—
And yet for once do answer, honestly,
Plainly and quickly, aye, and truly, too.
My brother : knows he of this treachery ?

Ju. Plainly and speedily, and honestly,
I answer, yes !

Zo.

'Tis false !

Ju.

Behold him, lady !

Enter ABEN JACOB.

Zo. Oh ! brother, brother, in good time thou'rt come :
Thou hast been foully slandered ; say thou art not
The perjured wretch, the abject, heartless thing,
That this apostate Christian doth proclaim thee.

Ab. What means my sister by these frantic words ?

Zo. Thou knew'st of yonder Christian's coming
hither :

'Twas thou thyself urged me to write that letter :
Betray him not then ; set him free at once.

Ju. Lady, there were small policy in that.

Zo. What's policy ? another name for falsehood !

Then when men's actions are so base and vile,
They are ashamed to look them in the face,
They give their villainy a specious name,
With a poor mask to hide its foul complexion.

Ab. Listen, sister ;

The course I tread in was appointed me
Before those rolling stars did know their path,
Or ere upon this spot in space our earth,
The Eternal eye looked down and flashed forth light.
My way of life hath ever marked me out
As one by supernatural power raised
To do His will, who sent our Prophet forth,
And bade him not to spare : I may not swerve.
A nobler field than e'er ambition dreamed of
Is open now before me : this fair country,
This fertile Spain, this long contended Spain,
Lies like a Houri with extended arms
Wooring my fond embraces.
The glory of the glory of our race,
The great Abdelzamin, our ancestor,
Shall pale before my own : the mighty victor
Of this so glorious prize.
Only this paltry castle bars my way ;
Too long our army hath lain here ; our foes
Still gathering strength ; this youth assures the place ;
He dies unless the fortress be surrendered.

Ped. And ends your boasted policy in this ?
Think you that Guzman won his glorious name
So lightly that the ties, however strong,
That bind his kindred to him, have the power
To sway him from the path of truth and honour ?
Or dost thou think his son so basely taught,
Bearing so low a spirit as to endure
To buy his life at such unworthy price ?

Ju. We'll try your constancy, young sir, however.

Zo. From the same father had we both our being ;
One mother bore us, one breast nourished us ;
I clasp thee, brother, and in clasping thee
I feel the blood run warmly through thy veins,
As if of mine it were the selfsame current.
Make not a shipwreck of a poor maid's peace ;
Make not a sister's love and trustfulness
The arms to stab her ! Brother, do not so :
Could I doubt thee ?

Ped. Lady, spend not thy breath,
Thy precious breath to beg so poor a thing
As my poor life : I can die happy now ;
Possessed of that which above life I prize
Thy love and pity ; for these wretched men,
'Tis better far to trust and be deceived,
Than bear so bad a mind, as think the evil
That they fear not to do : an honest breast
Is sure too fair a palace for suspicion
To hide his trembling head in.

Ju. Right brave speeches.

Ab. Away with him, no more of this.

Zo. Thou may'st

Or silence him or me ; but dost thou think
The thunder will be silent o'er thy head ?
Have mercy upon him, on me, thyself ;
Our race renowned is known by many titles,
Wilt have men add to Aben Jacob's name
Traitor and murderer ?

Ab. Away, away !

Thou art much too bold in this, and show but little
Of that good pride to plead so earnestly.

Zo. There is a something better now than pride
That prompts my speech, and I will not restrain it.
Bashfulness now, were nought but cruelty,
And coldness treason. Pedro, even now
When thou did'st speak of love, I checked thy speech,
Although it charmed my ear like some rich music.
Now, gentleman, behold, submissive at thy feet
An altered creature. These last flitting moments,
Have turned mine eyes into mine inmost self :
In that, till now, clasped volume, I espy
Gloriously blazoned as by angel hands,
Only thine image. If, as would thou wert,
Thou now wert fortune's darling, and didst come
In state magnificent to woo my favour,
I might assume a coldness, and belie
My own fond, gushing heart ;—but shame it were,

Now thou art steeped in grief, a mark for sorrow,
 Treated outrageously by treacherous men,
 Doomed to captivity, perhaps to death ;
 Shame were it, I, whose fond simplicity
 Has lured thee to this ruin, shrank away
 For fear of foul-tongued slander :—be it not so.
 Here, without blush—for wherefore should I blush—
 I tell thee that I love thee ! that I love thee ! [*Kneels.*
 With all a young heart's fond idolatry,
 With all a true heart's deep solemnity,
 With all a faithful woman's constancy
 I love and plight my troth.

Ab. Anger has choked my speech or I had not
 Heard thee so shame thyself. Bear him away ;
 No more of this. Mistress, for thee expect
 Another fate than thine own choice would aim at.

[*PEDRO is dragged off. Curtain falls.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Moorish camp.* JUAN alone.

Ju. It goes on well ! by all my hopes it does !
 Though the jade Fortune played me such a trick,
 Sending me as by chance into this world,
 Where fools, possessed of scarcely brains enough
 To blow their broth when too hot for their palates—
 Where fools like these, I say, who worship custom—
 Look down upon me for no fault of mine ;
 Nature has made amends by faculties

Which fit me well to jostle through this world,
Elbowing, and trampling down these fancied betters.
This proud Moriscan king is but my plaything ;
This being, set apart by destiny.
Oh ! there are men will bend which way you will,
Can you but learn their cabalistic words :
Say you but Mahomet with a solemn face,
And he is yours : now will he feel no scruple
To take the life, if I but work him on,
Of this same youth I snared so cunningly,
Although his sister's heart break for her lover :
But that is talk :—I mean to comfort her :
This Pedro's life shall buy this long held fortress,
And this most passionate girl, too, for myself :
Then, Juan, wedded to the Monarch's sister,
What shall hold back thine arm from grasping more ?
But, hush ! here comes the Moor, all's yet to do
And yet I count my gains : my solemn port now.

Enter ABEN JACOB.

I trust your Majesty had pleasant dreams ;
So well were we employed yesterday.
Surely the night, or rather morn, gave rest.

Ab. I have not slept since yesternight we parted ;
Think not that I will swerve from my fixed course,
Spain shall be mine.

Ju. Then must this fortress be.

Ab. Would we could win it by some other means,
For, although Zora hath so far forgot

Herself and honour as to love this Christian,
I am sorry yet to use her in this sort.

Ju. King, in this thou dost but show more glorious;
By kindly feeling tempted to forget
All thou dost owe the Moorish power and faith,
Yet holding firmly to thy steadfast purpose :
Best is our faith displayed, when we o'erleap
All opposition, rend away all ties,
To do its high behests ; let no bar stop
Our onward progress to establish it :
Oh ! strong and fortunate thy course shall be !
On, noble king, fulfil thy destiny.

Ab. Thou hast awaken'd me from that dull sleep.
In which I was subsiding, and I thank thee.
Zora shall pay thee ; yonder Christian youth
Shall not shake off his bonds until this fortress
Is mine and Zora yours. But now, my Juan,
Darest thou again, unto the Christian dogs
Go as our envoy, and demand surrender
Ere two suns shall have set, or else make known
The alternative they choose.

Ju. Ay, gladly, sire.
I long to pay this Guzman, and will make
My preparation instantly.

Ab. Success
Attend upon thy footsteps : it is written !
Our ends are such that supernatural power
Shall help them on.

[*Exit.*

Ju. Humph ! I hope better aid.
Or trust not much to that ; Tush, here's a plague.

Enter PHILIPPA.

Well, mistress, what want you ?

Phil. You did not use
To ask so rudely wherefore Philippa
Approached him who once swore her only footstep
Did own a music.

Ju. May be so, but yet
We live in changing times ; the dress you wear
To-day, within a week, or say a month,
You cast aside, its lustre having faded.

Phil. Oh ! Juan, Juan, these are bitter words !
Is my eye dim ? age hath not quenched its fire ;
Is my cheek pale ? by tears it hath been blanched ;
Sorrow it is, not Time, hath graved the wrinkles,
If there be any, on this once bland brow.

Ju. Hast any other other subject to discourse on ?
Or dost thou purpose entertain the time
With the old story of my cruelty ?
Let's see, where left you off ?

Phil. Where left I off ? and where did I begin ?
What was I ? and what am I ? horror ! horror !
Where is my father with his reverend head ?
Where is my noble, gallant, handsome brother ?

Ju. Torment not thus me and thyself in vain.

Phil. In vain ? aye 'tis in vain ! Tears are in vain ;
Words will not call them back. Him who to shield

D

His wretched sister's name from infamy
Poured forth his generous blood.

Ju. No more—no more.

Phil Juan, that blood is red upon my soul !

Ju. Nay, say not so.

Phil. It is, Juan ! it is.

I did not shed it, but 'twas shed for me.

My father, too, the doting, kind old man ;

I was the very apple of his eye,

His heart's best drop of blood ;

And what did this loved daughter ?

Her impious hand plucked out those silver hairs,

And placed shame's burning crown upon his head.

Ju. This is but madness.

Phil. Oh, I would it were !

The old man looked around his father's hall,

And found himself alone, quite, quite alone.

No smiling darling nestled by his side,

Only his cold-eyed menials waited round him,

While ev'ry kinsman blushed who bore his name,

Struck to the heart——

Ju. I'll listen to no more.

Why all this misery sprang from those fine feelings
Of fancied honour, you admire so much.

This cheat that grown-up babies fall in love with,
And nurses preach of, men only laugh at.

But were this honour, or this virtue, or

Whatever name you choose to call it by,

Of all the worthiness that, lost, you think it,
Why do you ring its knell still in my ears ?
You have told how you fell out of Paradise,
And cursed the devil that did lure you thence,
But have forgotten what a ready ear
You lent to his temptations.

Phil.

'Tis too true.

Ju. Nor have you said there was that in your
carriage,
Did wake injurious thoughts ; nor how your
virtues
Were choked by weeds of pride and vanity,
From whose rank blossoms comes the bitter fruit
You make so many mouths at. You, forsooth,
Were easily taken by a royal lover,
And one whose song was ever of her praises,
To an untired hearer Why blame me
For bringing on you that dishonour, then,
Which you did never shun ?

Phil. Yes, yes, all's true, though by thee harshly
urged.

Ju. Why, then, reproach me ?

Phil.

I have much to bear ;

Can'st thou not bear a little ? All is lost me :
Country, and kindred, faith, and name and fame ;
What have I left to live for but thy love ?
And that thou tak'st away.

Ju. [*Aside.*]

Would I were quit of her.

[*To her.*] I must be plain. I do not love thee now ;
'Tis better that we part.

Phil. Part ! not till death !

Ju. Ay, lovers say so in old story books.
As a reward for all my services,
The Moorish king has promised me his sister :
So I have got a wife, and must be married.

Phil. May death fires light her hymeneal torches
Who shall dare wed with thee ! Who takes this
hand,

A thousand and a thousand times pledged mine,
Takes one so deeply dyed in perjury
An Ethiop's were as snow to it. Look to it—
Thou may'st repent this ; thou art mine—sworn
mine.

I've done with weeping ; rage within my eyes
Hath lit his fires, and dried up all my tears.
I know not now whether I love thee most,
Or hate thee most ; but the two passions meeting
Wake such a tempest here that I—I—I——

[*Exit.*

Ju. What wilt thou do ? go hence, I do well hope,
And so no more encumber my designs.
One may as well be married, if such ties
As these, must bind for ever. Should she go
And gain admittance in some nunnery,
Who says I've done her wrong ? Her fasts would be
So strict, so numerous her austerities,

She would be Lady Abbess presently.

Now for the fortress.

[*Disguising himself.*

Blest be the man who first invented cloaks ;

Your cloak, your cloak, there's nothing like your
cloak. [Exit.

SCENE II.—ZORA'S Tent. ZORA alone.

Enter PHILIPPA.

Phil. Thou wonderest perhaps to see me here.

Zo. I should not answer truly, saying nay.

Phil. Dost anything but wonder ?

Zo. An' thou mean

By thy strange speech, which I may e'en call rude,
To express thou dost expect uncivil treatment,
Thou wrong'st me much ; a woman like myself,
Thou hast some claims upon me ; they are doubled
As thou'rt a stranger : will it please thee sit ?

Phil. Thou'rt very kind. Oh ! excellent smooth
tongue !

Doubtless thou hast some reason for this mildness ;
Would'st make of me an humble friend or servant ?

Zo. I never courted thee, nor do I now.

Phi. Oh ! no ; thy courtship was for other uses.
Wilt please your highness to remove that veil ?

[ZORA unveils.

Zo. She is distracted surely—why dost gaze
Upon my face with so much earnestness ?

Phil. I cannot see so much of beauty in it :
The eyes are full and soft ; yet they can sparkle :
The mouth, too, is well chiselled, what of that ?
The whole face hath a quiet blest expression ;
Yet after all it is a homely one :
'Tis said, I know, that women cannot judge,
And yet I think my mirror gives me back
Features as well proportioned. Would he thought so !

Zo. Lady, you sigh ; can I relieve your sorrow ?

Phil. Out, hypocrite ; would'st fool me with soft
speeches ?

Can'st look me in the face, nor blush to think
The wrong, the deep irreparable wrong
That thou would'st put upon me ? If thou had'st
Pleaded with passionate earnestness thy love,
I, who do know the tempter, might have pardoned ;
But I have now no drop of pity left :
In mine own hand I bear the instrument
That shall redress my wrongs and punish thee.

[Shows a dagger.

Zo. Help ! murder ! help !

Phil. There's no one within call ;
Be sure of that ; hush ! or thou shalt not live
Another moment : ha ! dost tremble now ?
Pray ! if thou dare to lift that guilty hand
That thou would'st make accomplice, nay, the actor
In the most foul and wicked breach of faith
That man e'er offered woman.

Zo.

This is madness !

Who says this hand is aught but innocent ?
Who dares to do such slander to its whiteness,
Or say it ever broke its faith, once clasped,
Or clasped with falsehood ?

Phil.

Dost not fear me, girl ?

That thou dost speak so boldly.

Zo.

I speak truth,

And, never having done or thought thee wrong,
Why should I fear thee ? doth not even now
The power of my innocence pluck back
The arm upraised against me ?

Phil.

Do not trust

Too much to that, I warn thee, do thou not ;
Lest I should show thee guilty, doing so,
Break down the rotten prop on which thou
leanest.

I give thee now the time, and answer truly :
Hast thou not stolen from me that is mine,
And that which I have paid so deep a price for ?
Hast thou not given most impiously consent
To wed with him who must be mine, mine only,
My plighted husband, Juan of Castile ?

Zo. In one word—no.*Phil.*

Say it again, oh ! do.

Zo. I have not, and I will not.*Phil.*

Speak the truth !

If thou dost, to deceive me, answer thus,

I'll catch thee though I hunt thee through the world.
Swear it.

Zo. I do not use my word so lightly,
That it should need an oath to make it pass.
'Tis true that Juan, at my brother's instance,
My love hath oft solicited, and been,
Nay, even this very morning, been refused.

Phil. And wilt thou hold to this ?

Zo. I've said already,
Were my heart free, Don Juan could not claim it :
Surely the misery that he hath wrought
Within these few hours, cannot make it change.

Phil. Thou lovest then another ? Thou art silent.
I do remember now a tale I heard
Of a young Spaniard, Pedro, Guzman's son,
Being taken in thy tent : dost fear to trust me ?
Thou needest not. I am unhappy, lost,
But not perfidious.

Zo. Pardon, Madam, I—— [*Weeping.*]

Phil. Aye, weep, weep, weep ! thy tears are
innocent !

The dew upon young flowers
Falls not so naturally, as upon love's blossoms,
The heart's dew, tears : oh ! bright and pure are thine,
Not scalding where they trickle. Listen, Zora !
Thou hast not energy to cope with difficulties ;
Suffering has made me bold, and ready-witted :
Do not mistrust me ; be but ruled by me,

And I will find a way to break this marriage,
And free thy lover. In, now, compose thyself.
I will return ere long, and with good tidings. [*Exit.*

Zo. Her love was virtuous once ; a glad, soft
feeling

Making her heart bound with an innocent joy ;

And now how stained and fallen !

I would not hear her name my Pedro's name,

It sounds like profanation ; yet alas !

Who in this world is left to help me now ?

Oh ! brother ! brother ! [*Exit to inner tent.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Fortress. The LADY
CORONELA and INEZ.*

In. And while thou speak'st of him, behold he
comes.

Enter GUZMAN.

Guz. How dost thou, wife ?

L. Cor. Well as I can, my lord,

Thyself so much away.

Guz. My last intelligence

Did give me that the king was gathering fast

A powerful army to relieve the fortress ;

So we will hope the glad time soon will come,

When all this cumbrous panoply thrown by,

Like some grey elder of the village, I

May quiet sit, spectator of the game

Where once I played my part.

L. Cor.

Grant Heaven it may !

But wherefore com'st thou thus to visit me ?
Thou know'st this is our wedding day, and never
But it was made a kind of holiday ;
So sit thee down awhile, and doff these arms.

Guz. I cannot hold a curbing rein on others,
Giving myself the head, and, therefore, wife,
But for a little can I stay with thee.

In. Well, we must take thee prisoner, and then
Thou can'st not choose but to obey our orders.
So sit thee down. [*Leads him to a seat.*]

L. Cor. Off with this heavy armour.

[*Undoing his armour.*]

Thy wife must be thy squire, failing a better.
Help me undo it, Inez.

In. These are not
Fit weeds, I trow, for gentle lady's bower.

Guz. Indeed you do with me just what you will.

L. Cor. These cuisses and these tassettes are too
heavy ;

Sure they must gall thee ; do they not, my lord ?

Guz. Nay, do not think me older than I am.

In. Thy morion now, and then indeed we see
thee

As thou wert wont to look.

Guz.

Bless thee, my Inez.

Would this could last ! How happy am I now !

We only want our Pedro : where is he ?

L. Cor. I was about to ask of thee, my lord ;
This morn I have not seen him.

In. It is strange.

L. Cor. Pray Heav'n no ill have happened to
him.

Guz. Nay,

Duty no doubt delays him, and he soon
Will bid good morrow and good wishes to thee.
Inez, I heard some talk of a wild jest
That thou hadst played my son, and some one else ;
Thy blushes show I need not name that other.
Tell me, my Inez, with an open tongue,
How stands thy heart towards our Pedro's friend—
The brave Carrares ? On my life he loves thee.

In. I love him very well to laugh at him.

Guz. But dost thou love him, girl, to marry him ?

L. Cor. An' I mistake not, thou dost love him
better

Than even thyself confesses to thyself.

Guz. These ensigns I see fluttering on thy cheek,
So changing red and white are Cupid's banners :
And seem to say, the fortress they wave over,
Though proudly garrisoned, with love may stoop
One day to hold a parley. My sweet Inez,
I would not put a harsh construction ; no,
No, no, my child, upon the lively workings
Of a most innocent and guileless heart :
But give not to thy spirits too much rein .

Carrares is a noble gentleman,
And loves thee well, and such a love as his,
Doth honour to the woman of his choice.
She doth not know the value of a heart—
An honest, manly, kind and loving heart—
Who'd lightly play with such a precious jewel.
Thou would'st inhale the brier's passing sweetness,
But thou would'st fear to wear it in thy bosom :
Be brier-like, sweet, but be not brier-like, wounding.
Come, kiss me, girl, again, and look not sad ;
This by love's calendar you know must be
A happy day, let no cloud shadow it.

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sol. My lord, the nobles are in council met,
And they do crave thy presence. From the Moors
The envoy comes again demanding audience.

Guz. Presently we come

[Exit SOLDIER.]

L. Cor. In seeking thee, these Moors
Have snatched away our little hour of sunshine.

In. We will with thee since thou'lt not stay
with us.

Guz. Then you must promise not to tell our
secrets.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Council Chamber.* CARRARES, VASQUEZ
and NOBLES assembled. JUAN. *Seat left vacant*
for GUZMAN.

[*As GUZMAN enters, JUAN speaks.*]

Ju. Guzman, once more I come, not now to sue.

[*GUZMAN passes to his seat without heeding him.*]

[*Chairs placed for the ladies.*]

Vas. Know you no better manners, infidel ?

Wait till the Duke be seated.

Guz. I do not see our son here ; bid him hither.

[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

[*To Ju.*] Proceed, we listen.

Ju.

Oh ! sir, do you so ?

We meet on changed terms since last we met :

Hast scorn for him now, who hath power to bring thee

On bended knee before him ?

Vas.

Oh ! he's mad :

What else can make this yester fawning dog

To day to bark so loudly ?

Guz

Have a care :

Patience hath yet some bounds ; what can have
happened

That I should parley in another tone ? or what can hap

That I should let thy insolence unpunished ?

Enter ATTENDANT.

At. My lord, throughout the fortress I have sought
To find your son, and vainly, but I learn

That late last night he passed the portal gate,
And has not since returned.

Ju. Now do you guess it ?

L. Cor. My son ! my son !

Guz. Hush ! my best treasure, hush !

In. Pray, pray, be calm !

Car. My lord, prepare thy patience for a sorrow
So great, I scarcely can compel my tongue
To wound thine ear with telling it.

L. Cor. Speak, speak.

Guz. Out with it man ; do anything but thus
Keep my soul racked.

Car. My lord, thou knowest Pedro and myself
Were bosom friends, and in that confidence.
That waits on friendship, yesterday he showed me
A billet from the Moorish lady Zora,
By yonder treacherous envoy hither brought,
Appointing him a secret interview
Within their camp ; he went——

Guz. Oh ! say no more.

L. Cor. Oh ! They have murdered him : my boy,
my boy !

Vas. See how the Duke is moved ;
His manly breast is heaving like a woman's.
[*To Ju.*] Oh ! would I had thee now within the field ;
I'd spoil thy grinning.

Guz. Have you murdered him ?

Ju. He lives.

L. Cor. Thank God for that. Guzman he lives.

Ju. He lives, and may be ransomed.

L. Cor. Spare him, spare him.

Guz. I've wealth enough to glut thy wildest wishes,
Although insatiate as the unfathomed sea :
Take all we have : strip us of everything,
If only you restore him, and unharmed.

Ju. Did I not say that thou should'st shortly sue
To him thou late didst scorn ? It is not gold,
Must pay your Pedro's ransom, but this fortress.

Guz. Ha !

L. Cor. Oh ! no ! no ! no !
It cannot be thou art so brutal minded ;
Surely thou hast some touch of natural pity :
Thou hast, or hadst a mother. Think on her,
How she did nurse thee, love thee, fondle thee,
Set all her heart upon thee, built on thee,
Worlds in the future. Oh ! my son ! my son !
Are all my hopes thus dashed ? *[Swoons.]*

Guz. Inez ! my child.

[LADY CORONELA supported out, followed by INEZ.]

Ju. *[Aside.]* I never knew her care : nor heard
her name

But in reproach, or I might not have been
That which I am, but this proud world that scorned
I'll now make feel my power.

Guz. She for the time has lost all sense of sorrow,
Why do you gaze upon me ? Sir, go on.

I have a stubborn heart, can bear the worst,
So you but quickly tell it.

Ju. Within three days see that you yield the
keys

Which though of rusty iron, we prefer
To all the gold that thou didst lately boast of,
Or else go ask the ravens and the vultures
To treat with thee for ransom of thy son.

Vas. Then here I make reprisals, seizing thee ;
[seizes JUAN]

Although the lives of fifty heathen hounds
Were far too little to weigh down one hair
That grew on son of Guzman.

Ju. Loose thy hand :
Knowest thou not in what office I came hither ?

Vas. It may be then thou art the more worth
taking.

Attempt to move, and I will strangle thee.

[*In their struggle the envoy's dress falls off and discovers*
JUAN.]

Why, it is Juan.

Car. The renegade.

Vas. The bastard.

[*Vasquez and others pressing confusedly round Juan.*]

All. Tear him to pieces—kill him !

Vas. Let's drag him to the topmost battlement
And fling him over.

All. Ay, we will, we will.

Guz. [*Starting up.*] Who stirs a foot shall never
stir again,

Unhand the envoy ; let him go, I say ;
Know you our station and authority,
The ample powers that we are vested with
O'er life and limb on all within this fortress,
That thus ye dare to interpose between
Ourselves and justice ? Let him go, I say ;
Vasquez, thy services shall not protect thee ;
Nor thee thy youth, nor thy nobility,
Nor any one of you one thing on earth,
Braving me further. So, we are friends again.
[*To Ju.*] I trust I bear a mind by far too steadfast
To let my private griefs, how great soever,
Turn me from duty. Therefore thou art safe.
Did I not too well know thee, I would ask
How thou couldst find it in thy heart to use
A means so devilish to gain thine end :
But well I know thy ruthless tiger nature.
Whom didst thou e'er refrain to tread upon
For thine own profit, lust, or exaltation ?
In the foul pit of sensuality
Thy youth was steeped, until stained nature took
The colour of the filth where thou didst wallow :
Wert thou not such a man, thou need'st must blush
To owe thy safety to that high-souled honour
To which thou art thyself an enemy.
Take thy life.

E

Vas. My lord, my lord, you carry this too far.

Shall he escape unscathed, by whom inveigled
Your son shall meet his death? Hold him as surety ;
He has broke faith, and therefore can claim none ;
'Tis folly and nought else, nay, downright madness.

Guz. He has come here in trust, relying on
That which did never fail, Castilian honour ;
And he shall go unscathed. Shall after times,
Copying us, break faith, and justify
Their falsehood by our deed? It must not be :
It is too high a price, e'en for a son—
A son, God knows, how loved.

Ju. Thou dost refuse
The offer, then, I make ; thy son in safety,
Yielding this fortress ; if not, thou dost know ;

Guz. Oh ; spare me, spare me ; say it not again :
It is as though you killed him in my sight ;
Why will you make my tongue his murderer ?
What can possess thee thus to torture me ?
I never did thee wrong.

Ju. Oh ! think me not
The crack-brained fool to follow my revenge
Where in the mad chase I might break my neck ;
But where my interest and my passions jump,
For why should I hold back ? Was it no wrong
That in my father's life thou still didst cross me,
And when this king, my brother, would have ta'en me

Once more in favour, thou didst still oppose it ?
 I will not stay further to argue with thee ;
 Mine is the power now, and I will use it :
 Within three days the fortress or thy son.

[*Exit.*

Car. With what a bad pride doth he bear himself.
 Look to the duke, the excitement now removed,
 He seems o'erwhelmed with his great load of sorrow.

Vas. Lean on me ; take not on so, my dear lord.
 The forces of the king are not far distant.
 Could he but know how urgent is our need !
 I love the boy, too, and could weep for him,
 But I would strive to do a something better :
 Come, lean on me ; 'tis I, your faithful Vasquez.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Chamber in the Fortress. Enter INEZ and*
ATTENDANT severally.

At. How fares my mistress, Madam, now ?

In. She sleeps.

My good girl, go thou in, and watch beside her.
 Hast spoke with Don Carrares ?

At. Madam, yes,
 And this way see him come.

In. Admit, and leave us.

[*ATTENDANT ushers in CARRARES, and Exit.*]

I thank you for your prompt attendance, sir,
 Though I will own I did not look for less.
 Ere more I say I would first crave your pardon

For all the heedless slights and girlish scoffs
That still have paid your unpretending passion.

Car. Madam, the grace thou now dost poor
Carrares

Would make amends for twenty times the wrong
Thy gentleness could ever put upon him.

In. Pray leave this humble strain, sir, and
believe

I had not bade thee hither did I not
Hold thee as one most worthy. Sorrow doth
(And 'tis like death in that) strangely break down
The barriers of our pride, or I could hardly
Now claim thy aid.

Car. And dare Carrares hope
He hath the power to do thee service, lady ?
Oh show the way, the path however rugged ;
I'll count as gains its dangers. Why dost weep ?

In. Dost know and love me, and yet ask the cause.
I am an orphan ; was left early one.
I cannot mind the time I knew my parents,
Nor yet the time I felt their loss ; for was not
Always their place by other them supplied.
And what a blow hath fallen now upon them.
How sorely they are smitten ! Tears are useless.
Rescue their son !
I heard but now that honest Vasquez said
Could the king know our strait, he might relieve us.
I know 'tis nigh impossible to pass

Through these beleaguering lines with life ;
and yet

I say, attempt it, and may God preserve you.

Car. Maiden of noble soul, by how much more
Do I now love thee than I did before.

Though I'd have sworn he lied, who had averred

My heart unriven could endure to love

An atom's atom more. Dear as thou art,

To show thee with what joy my soul embraces

The noble danger thou hast set before me,

I now break off this heavenly interview,

To frame my line of conduct. Ere I go

May I presume so far as kiss that hand

That points me out a path so glorious ?

[*He kisses her hand and is going, she detains him.*]

In. Remember, sir, I pray thee,

Prudence should wait on valour, not to clog,

But to direct it ; 'tis a dangerous service

That I have moved thee to. Pray Heaven no ill

May light upon thee ; there are those would
grieve,

And deeply, too, thy loss. I myself, one.

Forget not that thy life is very dear.

Believe it there are those that love thee well.

I will pray for thee, and thy safe success.

Alas ! alas ! God keep you, gentleman.

Farewell, once more, farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Chamber in the Fortress.* VASQUEZ and
NOBLES.

First N. Didst reason with him?

Vas. Yes, but 'twas in vain,

Still he continues on the battlements,

Flying from place to place incessantly.

No helmet on his head, his white hairs streaming,

And labouring like the meanest soldier there.

First N. Nature, I fear, will sink under the struggle.

Second N. The brave Carrares has, I trust, succeeded ;

Had he been taken, we had heard of it.

Vas. Ay, sir, but dare we hope

That he can bring the royal army up

In time enough to stay this dreadful business ?

First N. The place already hath held out so long ;

Sancho hath under him an army fit

To cope with Aben Jacob in the field :

The life of such a general as Guzman

Is worth a score of fortresses.

Second N. 'Twere better

That we should yield it even than hold out

At such a sacrifice : let's urge him do so :

Second me, gentlemen, I hear his voice.

[*Enter GUZMAN*

Vas. My most dear lord, thou art to blame
in this.

Thou wilt wear out thyself, strength cannot bear it ;
And thus so rashly to expose thyself
Unarmed upon the battlements, while round thee
Like hail their arrows fall.

Guz.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Why I have twenty arrows rankling here,
With poison on their tips; and he who feels
Within his heart the woundings that these give
May laugh at mortal pain. The mind ! the mind !

Vas. Nature cannot endure so fierce a strain.

Gus. Who can say how much we can endure, and
Yet live on? Oh! could you know my agony,
You would not wonder at my strange behaviour.
What though I toil until my sinews crack ;
What's weariness or pain ?

Vas. The Moors are slackening now in their assaults.

Pray thee, go in and rest.

Gus.

Rest! art thou mocking?

Why was I chosen for a Stoic's part,
I bear no Stoic's mind. So good a son !
No more of this. Forgive me, gentlemen :
I am old, and old men still are apt to dote ;
Were he your son, you might have doted too :
You have had children, maybe you have lost them ;
But we'll not talk of that

[*Taking up a plan from the table.*]

Let's see what's this ; a plan of the fortress? Aye.



Look you here now, I would consult you, sirs,
Whether 'twere better make a sally here
Or rather, thus—I mean—would I were dead.

[*Rushes out distractedly.*]

Vas. My lord ! my lord !

First N.

Oh ! this is pitiful.

His reason cannot hold if this continue.

Vas. I'll after him ; but see, he comes again.

[*Re-enter GUZMAN.*]

Guz. To your posts, gentlemen.

First N.

My lord, not so.

Enough has now been done.

Guz.

What ! thou a traitor !

First N. A traitor ! I am none ; it is my love,
Not for myself, but thee that bids me speak.

Second N. Now that our countrymen are up and
armed

We may without dishonour yield up that
Is but of little value.

First N.

Buying with it

A life shall do good service to our country,
Which else is lost to it.

Second N.

Not doing so,

We do not serve our country, but our pride.

First N. His lips move

And yet he does not speak ; to him, stout Vasquez,
Thou dost think as we.

Vas.

I know not what I think

But this I know, my very good dear lord,
 I'd rather slit my tongue than it should wag
 To say give way an inch to these blind heathens ;
 Yet since the bloody dogs have got the
 advantage,

To save thy son's life, I do love the boy so,
 'Twere better do this thing.

First N.

Pray speak, my lord :

Bethink thee that to-morrow——

Guz. It is not well in you to press me so ;
 I need your help, I have enough within me
 Of these rebellious thoughts,
 And you have given them tongue.

Leave me, pray leave me, I would be alone.

First N. Think upon what we have said.

Guz. What other thought have I to think upon ?
 My brain is whirling with it. [*Exeunt NOBLES.*] Oh,
 kind Heaven !

Now grant me aid, for now indeed I need it.

Enter LADY CORONELA.

L. Cor. Alonzo, why dost shun me so of late ?

Guz. I have been busy.

L. Cor. And who were they who parted from thee
 now ?

Guz. Some officers of the garrison.

L. Cor.

They seemed

To urge some suit upon thee.

Guz.

They did so.

L. Cor. What was it ?
Thou art silent.

Guz. Do not ask me. I would not——

L. Cor. Obdurate man ! I know well what it was :
They bade thee save thy son, thou can'st not hide it ;
A mother has a very piercing eye.
Though thou art deaf to them thou shalt hear me :
Like hired advocates they coldly plead,
And not as though their hearts were in the cause.
Does pity sleep within a father's breast ?
A mother's clamorous tongue shall waken it.
Think Nature's self now speaks to thee by me
And cries, relent, relent.

Guz. I cannot bear this.

L. Cor. Turn not away, canst thou not bear to
look

Upon my tears ? and yet hast heart enough
To kill thy son ? Bethink thee what it is
To be a—— Language has no name for it,
'Twas never thought there could be such a thing.

Guz. A wife should be a guide, a stay, a cheer.
Thou hast been so till now, but now thou dost
Tempt me away from duty and from honour.

L. Cor. Duty and honour ! Set not up such idols
And at their Moloch shrine pour out the blood
Of thy most innocent child.
I see a quivering upon thy face ;
Thy lip doth fall ; pray Heaven thy mind is changing.

I have been to thee a very faithful wife ;
I have done that which had appalled some women.
When one by one our sons went forth to war
I blest them and I wept ; sought not to stay them ;
They ne'er came back, and Pedro is our last—
Our last, Alonzo, think on that, our last.

[*Moorish music.*

Hark ! what is that ?

Guz. The Moorish summons to the battlement.

L. Cor. They will not do it surely in our sight.

Guz. Ay ! what ?—nay—calm thyself—in, to thy chamber.

Heaven comfort thee, my wife, and strengthen me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the walls of the Fortress. Enter GUZMAN, VASQUEZ, and SPANIARDS, on the ramparts, ABEN JACOB, JUAN, and Moorish power below.*

Ab. Guzman, once more in mercy we call on thee.
Remember who it is doth parley here ;
One who can no more from his glorious path
Swerve, than the bright sun shining o'er our heads ;
And by that radiance, I do now swear
And by that light of lights that feedeth him,
I swear that e'er he sets to-morrow, I
Will stand where now thou standest, or thy son
Shall never never see him rise again.

Guz. Both his, and mine, and thine, and all our
lives
Are in the hand of that tremendous Being
Whose name thou hast so impiously invoked,
And if it be His will that thou shouldst shed
The innocent blood, oh ! may He give me strength
To say, His will be done !
While I have breath and body to defend,
I will not yield that I am pledged to keep :
I will not now throw down the honoured name
Which I have spent a life in building up.
Were my dead children all alive again,
I would not do it—not to save them all.
Thou knowest now my purpose. I can give him.
And, if thou needest it, behold ! a weapon.

*[Flinging his sword from the battlements. *]*

[Exeunt GUZMAN and SPANIARDS.]

Ab. Which thus I do take up.

Ju. This wonders me,

And were I not so deeply in this business—

But thought is useless now :

This fanatic has no scruples :

Shall we continue the attack, my liege ?

Ab. Not so, our troops are wearied, hasten thou

And take advantage of the time to plead

Thy cause with our fair sister ; let her know

It is our will she lay aside all scruples

* This incident is historical.

And wed with thee to-morrow : the same hour
Shall see thee wed that gives us up the castle.
Success attend thee.

Ju. I do not dread the event,
And deeply am indebted to your Majesty.

[*Exit JUAN*

Ab. Draw off our troops. How now? a messenger;
A priest, too, by his habit.

[*Enter a priest from the castle.*

Pr. An unworthy brother, may it please your
Majesty,
Of the most holy order of St. Dominic,
Resident in the fortress, come to crave
Admittance to your prisoner to prepare him
For the sad doom awaits him.

Ab. Thou may'st approach our camp in safety
priest ;
And shalt go scathless : as for thy request
To be admitted to our prisoner,
An hour hence enquire our further pleasure.

Pr. I thank your Majesty ; within an hour
I will renew my prayer and trust that Heaven
May move your heart in charity to listen.

[*Exeunt PRIEST at one side, ABEN JACOB at the other.*

SCENE III.—*Moorish Camp.* ABEN JACOB and JUAN.

Ju. A priest, you say, to shrive his son ; he's
constant.

Ab. Even now he waits permission to attend him.

Ju. Let a strict guard be kept around the tent,
And we perhaps may find a use for him.

Ab. And what says Zora?

Ju. Little, may it please you,
But in that little, all :
As women use, she blushed, and hung her head ;
I squeezed her hand, she started, that was all ;
And when I spake of eyes, and lips, and
mouth,
Of passion long repressed, grown uncontrollable ;
If driven to madness, madness caused by her,
She quite forgot her old imprisoned lover
In joy to gain a new one. Oh ! these women !

Ab. She did consent to wed thee, then ; 'tis
well ;
And yet I thought her of more constant temper.

Ju. A woman's constancy—a proper tale,
A pretty word to murmur in a sonnet,
Fit for a crack-brained poet or the daughter
Just turned fourteen, of Mistress Stitch, the
sempstress :
The fool that fluttered on our lime-twigg so,
Whose wings are clipped, would doubtless prate about
it ;
Trust me, I know the world, and know the sex :
They're true to one, until another woos,

And constant to their pleasures. Constancy !
Think you the sun, that ripens their plumpy cheeks,
Bestows no heat upon the dancing blood
That mantles in them ? I will tell you now
Their love is a fierce flame, consumes itself ;
Their sorrow is a passionate flood of tears :
They talk, they weep, they swoon ; then they
come to ;
And then they weep again ; and ere they lay
Their kerchief down, have quite forgotten what
This passionate sorrowing was all about.

Ab. Too lightly dost thou treat our sister's
name :

But that I think some higher influence,
Like that which guides my steps, directeth hers,
I should suspect there were design in this.
I did not look for such a sudden change.

Ju. A plot ! why, aye, I did not think
of that :

'Tis like enough they've hatched one :
But fear not, I will trace it ; Philippa
Is doubtless in it : ha ! our quarrel, so ;
First ordering some necessary affairs
That claim my instant care, king, I will go
And hunt this matter out.

Ab. Do so, while I,
Will lead this unbeliever to our prisoner.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—PEDRO *guarded.*

Ped. Another day is drawing to its close,
The solemn hues of evening fall around me ;
And night will soon set in, and then to-morrow.
To-morrow night.
But wherefore should I tremble at that word ?
Thousands there are now laughing merrily,
To whom that day will be, even as with me,
Their last of mortal time, and they are happy.
And there are thousands, weary, journeying,
To whom this fair earth is a wilderness,
And these will lay their heads down quietly,
And say their prayers and sleep ; peace be upon them.
I have faced death in many a horrid form,
Have tugged and struggled with him hand to hand,
Have felt his bony grasp, nor chilled beneath it,
But there was life in this ; but to lie here,
Helpless and chained, to see him steal upon me,
With slow and stealthy onward creeping steps
And glaring tiger eyes, ready to spring,
And lie as nightmare ridden. Oh ! 'tis horrible,
'Tis horrible. I have heard how some young swimmer
When in his wild exuberance of strength
He parts the water with his shining arms,
And blows the foam away all laughingly,
Hath on a sudden felt some monstrous creature
Growing upon the bottom of the sea,
Stretch forth its cold, and slimy, long, dank arms,

And twining round him, suck him gradually,
Despite of all his mad convulsive struggles,
Slowly, slowly, gradually down :
And so comes death to me. I feel his arms,
His cold arms twine around my helpless limbs,
Crushing and stifling, still he clings to me.
But wherefore do I lie complaining here,
When I should summon all my strength of heart,
And show I am, indeed, the son of Guzman.

Enter GUZMAN in the dress of a PRIEST.

Guz. I would fain look upon his face once
more,

And hear his voice ere it be still for ever,
And yet now I am here I scarce can do it.
There's no one sees me now—this should not be,—
I came to strengthen him, and should be calm ;
I will assume a sternness in my speech :
Pedro de Guzman.

Ped. Ha ! who calls my name ?
Most holy father, I did not perceive thee
In the dim light of ev'ning : welcome art thou
To one who soon must know a deeper shadow.

Guz. It is indeed thy father, my dear son,
Thy very wretched father.

Ped. Father, how
Did'st gain admittance to me ? Do not stay ;
If thou should'st be discovered, those rule here
Who never knew of pity.

F

Guz. 'Tis too true,
Or else how cam'st thou here ?

Ped. Then tarry not,
To tempt a fate like mine.

Guz. Still, still, the same :
He only thinks of me. Oh ! all his virtues
But bitterer make my grief. Pedro de Guzman,
Thou hast done great wrong : an officer
And of no common rank, to carry on
Clandestine intercourse with the enemy ;
In our own camp for this thou might'st have
met

A most deserved death ; thy life now forfeit,
Although by villainy to be taken, cannot
By other than dishonour be redeemed,
So thou must die.

Ped. I look for nothing else ;
And reckon life as well expended, thus
Nobly laid down, and would scorn shamefully
To take it up at the detested price
Of confidence betrayed.

Guz. My son ! My son !
I can assume no longer.

Ped. Father ! Father !

Guz. Why have I lived for all this wretchedness !
Thy nobleness but aggravates my sorrow ;
What might it not become, did Heav'n but
please

Time should be given to this fruit to ripen.
Oh ! what a day should its meridian be,
Whose morning dawned so glorious !

Ped. Father, do not
Break forth into these passionate lamentings.

Guz. Thou art right, my son, I know't should not
be so ;

But something may be granted to our frailty :
Great is the load that Thou hast put upon me,
Forgive me if I stagger under it.

Ped. Our time is gliding swiftly ; there is one
Of whom I would fain ask thee, and yet fear.
My mother—

Thou answerest with thy tears. Father, I charge thee,
These are the last words of thy dying son—
Control thine anguish—live to be her comfort.
Tell her—I cannot—I cannot give it words.

Enter OFFICER of the GUARD.

Of. I pity thee, brave youth, and would not
harshly

Perform my duty here ; but the king's orders
Compel me warn thee, priest, the time allowed thee
To do thine office, is already past.

Guz. As thou thyself dost hope for bliss in
Heaven

Grant us a moment more.

Of. Pray you be brief then.

[*Exit.*

Guz. Moments! moments! they grudge us moments,
Pedro,
They grudge us moments with long life before them :
They're drops of blood to us.

Ped. This is but lengthening out our agony ;
Thy blessing, father, and then I am ready.

Guz. Yes, we must part, my Pedro, we must part,
Perhaps to meet again in life no more :
God bless thee, my dear son, in life and death,
May He sustain and pardon, and receive thee !
Farewell—farewell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Moorish Camp. Enter*
GUZMAN and PHILIPPA from opposite sides.
GUZMAN is passing by, when she stops him.

Phil. Stay, holy father.

Guz. Peace be on thee, lady.

Phil. Peace is for others, sorrow is for me,
And 'tis thine office to relieve the wretched.

Guz. And who art thou that call'st on me for
solace ?

What dost thou here, Spanish in speech and dress,
Among the infidels ? Let me pass, daughter.

Phil. I have no name save one which, when I
speak it,
Be'st thou a Spaniard, and an honest one,
Priest as thou art, thou'lt curse me : Philippa.

Guz. The daughter of the noble de la Corda :
He was my dearest friend. Ah ! wretched creature !
The arrow and the sword respected him,
A daughter's hand struck down.

Phil. Thou art no priest,
Thy very words proclaim thee Guzman's self.

Guz. Wilt thou betray me ?

Phil. Nay, thou wrong'st me, Guzman.

Guz. What would'st thou, then ?

Phil. Alas ! I know I've fallen
Almost too low for pity, yet my father
Prayed for and blest me on his dying bed.

Guz. The kind old man ! I have not known his
anguish,
No drop of shame is mingled in my cup,
To make ev'n gall more bitter, yet I murmured.

Phil. Oh, listen, Guzman ; thee, I never wronged.

Guz. No Spaniard lives thou hast not done a
wrong to.

Juan, thy paramour, who now doth turn
His parricidal hand against his country,
Once loved thee deeply—passionately loved thee.
Hadst thou held virtuous,—nay, hear me calmly,—
Thou might'st have lured him into virtue's way.

Phil. Who knows that ? I am punished, sorely
too ;

Yet ne'er abetted nor foresaw his treason.
Why thus upbraid me ?

Guz. When we fall from virtue
We know our own sin, not its bitter sequence,
The hideous progeny it may engender.
Thou virtuous, Juan ne'er had been so base,
Had ne'er invited to our shores these Moors ;
My son had then been free, who now must die.

Phil. No, no, he shall not, 'tis of him I'd speak,
And therefore stayed thee. I will save him, Guzman.

Guz. Woman, I've steeled my breast into a kind
Of wretched quietness ; in mercy do not
Waken delusive hope.

Phil. No, not delusive :
To-morrow is, thou know'st, the time appointed
For thy son's slaughter, if thou dost not buy
His life with thy dishonour. Doing so,
And yielding up the fortress, yet he will not
Be let go free unless at the same time
The lady, Zora, who so loves thy son,
Yields up her hand to Juan.

Guz. Monstrous ! monstrous !

Phil. This is their scheme, but this shall never be.
To veil our purpose better, Zora hath
Seemed to consent, and the to-morrow's sunset,
The time appointed thee to break thy trust,
Is fixed for her to wed.

Guz. How helps this me ?

Phil. Prepare thy forces for a vigorous sally
While they are busied. I will find the means

To send a guide, who by a path they know not,
Shall lead thee suddenly upon them, so
Set free thy son.

Guz. But wilt thou hold fast faith ?

Phil. Do not fear me ; this marriage must not be.
Zora, I know, would never yield to it
Were your son scathless. When upon my tent
The flag that now waves over it is lowered,
Have ev'rything in readiness. May it be
If I should be the means to free thy son
As some atonement for my fault received.

Guz. Naught but the future can atone the past.
If then thy present penitence be real
Embrace the offered means and leave this place.
By thy dead father's memory I charge thee,
Shake off this leprous passion.

Phil. The flame of woman's love is hard to quench
Whether it burn to ruin or to cheer.

Guz. Thine's so unnatural, it is enough
To make the dead bones burst from out their
shroud.

Dost thou not fear that he himself should rise,
And come and draw the curtains of thy couch
And startle thee, in all thy guilty pleasures !

Phil. Oh ! mercy ! mercy ! This is horrible.

Guz. What ! dost thou tremble at the bare idea,
Yet dost not fear to live in that damned course
That may provoke unnatural retribution ?

Phil. Thy words have moved me—that thou well
may'st see,
But I have gone, I fear too far, to back
With any hope of safety. 'Tis my fate
Compels me still ; I cannot choose but love.
But yet I know not, if to-morrow crown
My efforts with success to free thy son,
And offer me the means, belike I may—
But when that time comes the fit hour 'twill be
To choose my course ; until then, fare thee well.

[*Exit* PHILIPPA.]

Guz. Before the tears upon thy cheek be dry,
I fear thy good resolves will be effaced.
Oh ! that my Pedro's safety should depend
On such a frail support ; yet it is hope. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—PHILIPPA'S Tent. JUAN alone.

Ju. 'Tis surely so, else whither hath she gone ?
The king was doubtless right in his suspicion ;
There is some mischief toward—oh !—she comes.

Enter PHILIPPA.

Good even to you, Philippa.

Phil. Good even.

Ju. No more than this ? How unkind thou hast
grown.

Phil. Thou surely dost mistake in coming hither.

Ju. Why, I am filled with sad and troubled
thoughts.

Phil. Com'st thou to me for comfort? Thou had'st best

Go, as I think, and seek it of thy younger,
More fresh, and daintier bride; thou knowest I
Am nothing now but a mere faded garment,
A thing cast off for any servile use.

Ju. What things ye women are. Dost thou not know

A man's proud spirit can ill brook to say,
Like a chid schoolboy, I am very sorry—
And grant, that in some fit of petulance,
I uttered that not even anger meant,
It were more kind and generous, Philippa,
Wouldst thou in my chang'd bearing read my
sorrow.

Then, clear thy brow, frowns should not hover
there;

Come, let us sit and chat. Why, dost thou know
I have been waiting very long for thee?

[*They sit.*]

A truant hast thou been; now, then, a kiss,
And tell me, Philippa, where hast been gadding?

Phil. I did but go to see the king review
The troops that last arrived.

Ju.

So, was that all?

[*Aside.*] Oh! ready tongue to lie.

Phil. [*Aside.*]

He surely loves me.

Please you, untwine your arm?

Ju. Nay, let it be ;
And now, another kiss, my Philippa,
The last was but a cold one.

Phil. May be so ;
Thou know'st my lips have long since lost their freshness.

Ju. No more of that.

Phil. No more of this, my lord.

Ju. Dost get the bees spread honey on thy lips,
That they do taste so very, very sweet ?

Phil. Go, flatterer.

Ju. If truth be flattery, am I to blame ?

Phil. [*Aside.*] My power is not yet wholly gone,
it seems ;

I thought it strange if 'twere.

Ju. [*Aside.*] She melts ! she melts !

Phil. What is the occasion of thy troubled thoughts ?

Ju. How can'st thou ask it ? Philippa, thou lov'st me,

And knowest well my high and towering spirit,
I thought my heart was made of stubbornner stuff,
Though proud, it is a loving one to thee.
Lured by my soaring hopes, my wild ambition,
I have accepted the king's overtures
To wed the Lady Zora, and discover
That I have rashly, madly thrown away
The blest enjoyment of all nature's fulness,

To play a glittering, yet an empty part
In a cold, heartless pageant.

Phil. Juan ! Juan !

Ju. What ! Dost thou weep ? And can'st thou
then forgive me ?

Phil. Forgive me, Juan.

Ju. That, I ask of thee.

Phil. I need forgiveness, I have plotted 'gainst
thee.

Ju. What ? Thou ! Nay, all thy stratagems have
been

But schemes to pleasure me.

Phil. Oh ! dost thou love me ?

Ju. How can I choose but love ? [*Aside.*] 'Tis
coming now.

Upon this precious volume here, I swear it
Whose rosy leaves ne'er open but to yield
Entrancing music.

[*Kissing her.*]

Phil. I am much to blame ;

In my mad rage I have joined me with thy foes.
The seeming priest thou didst admit was none
But Guzman's self, and I have promised him,
To send a guide to-morrow who shall lead
His forces suddenly upon the camp,
Set free your prisoner and stop that marriage.

Ju. [*Starting up.*] Ha !

Phil. Art thou angry ?

Ju. Oh, no, not at all—
And Zora, then, but seems to give consent,
And does not mean to wed me?

Phil. Not unless
Fear for her lover's safety work upon her.

Ju. [*Aside.*] That such a thing as this should plot
against me!

But I will sort you for it, cunning madam.
Knows Pedro of this scheme?

Phil. I have but now
Returned from making him acquainted with it.
I gained admittance to him by the means
Of the sergeant of the guard, whose life was saved,
When forfeit some time since, at my entreaty.

Ju. My dear Philippa, this is a secret
That is well worth the knowing and rewarding ;
Instead of wedding with the Lady Zora
To-morrow, I will take thee by the hand,
And there before the Moorish power assembled,
Our nuptials shall be solemnized. But mark :
Let what has passed between us now be private.
The forces shall be strengthened in that part
By which they mean to sally. [*Aside.*] Death ! that
she,
That she should dare to plot. My Phillipa,
Let everything be ready for our marriage.
[*Aside.*] How it will mad her when she sees me wed
To Zora 'stead of her : she shall be mine.

Phil. Why dost thou so debate it with thyself?
Have I offended?

Ju. Do not trouble me.

Nay, my sweet wench; to-morrow, aye, to-morrow.

Phil. I would not that this gallant youth should die;
Thou'lt save his life for my sake, wilt thou, Juan?
It was my love for thee made me break counsel.
Thou'lt get his pardon then?

Ju. Oh! surely will I.

Phil. And wilt thou leave me, Juan, and so soon?

Ju. I must, my Philippa: good night, good night.
Dream of to-morrow, and thy coming marriage.

[*Exit.*

PHILIPPA (*gazing after him*).

Is he true now, or does he still dissemble?
How cunningly he drew my secret from me.
I'm very weak, but only weak through love;
Perhaps I should have doubted, but I dared not,
Or had gone mad outright. He bade me dream—
Let my dream be of truth, and love, and joy,
And if it come not true, I'll sleep for ever.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—PHILIPPA'S *Tent*. PHILIPPA *seated before a large mirror*. ATTENDANTS *attiring her*.

First At. Wilt please you, madam, wear this
carcanet?

Phil. I have enough of these same baubles on me.

Dost think I need them to set off my features ?
Let foulness claim the aid of ornament,
Beauty may shine without.

First At. But precious things
Are only thrown away where beauty is not,
Let beauty help them shine then.

Phil. Girl, well argued ;
This head-gear is becoming as I take it ;
Doth it not show so, wench ? what sayest thou ?

First At. It is the wearer that becomes the dress,
And not the dress the wearer.

Phil. Ha ! dost think so ?
Why here is some beauty.
There is a jewel for thee, 'tis a rich one.
When I am wedded, and my princely Juan
The second in the kingdom, these shall be
More plenty with thee.

First At. I much thank your bounty,
Most gracious lady. You will wear this girdle ?

Phil. Surely—'twas his first gift. Can'st read the
motto ?

[*Reads.*] "These jewels, every one a star,*
Bind in a fairer world by far
Than that clasped by the Zodiac's line ;
Oh ! that this glorious world were mine."

*Juan might be supposed to have borrowed from Donne and Waller, had he not lived so very long before they wrote. The thought, however, is probably as old as girdles, waists, or even the Zodiac itself.

“ Oh ! that this glorious world were mine.”

In faith 'tis very pretty. What's the time ?

[*Quickly.*] Answer me quickly, 'twas to you I
spake.

Second At. Madam, I think it wants an hour of
sunset.

Phil. So much ? There that will do : you weary me.
What was the name of that great Moorish king,
Who built a city to record his love ?

First At. Abdelzamin ; the city was called Zehra.

Phil. His mistress' name. It was a noble deed,
But Juan shall outshine it. Twenty cities,
With houses, roofs, and streets all paved with gold,
Shall in their radiance emulate my own,
And tell to all posterity the story
Of Philippa's beauty and her Juan's love,
My palaces shall be hung round with jewels.
I will not set my foot on anything
But of such costly fabric queens might robe in ;
The desert shall be noisy with the throng
Of camels staggering underneath the burthen
Of all the precious spices, gums, and drugs,
Arabia shall furnish for my pleasures :
I will not even breathe the common air,
But I will have an atmosphere of fragrance
So rich as almost to make drunk the sense,
Striving to take it in.

First At. It is most fit.

Phil. [*To second At.*] Give me a scarf. Not that
—why it is yellow.

The hue of jealousy, nor that, pert minx,
“Green and white, forsaken quite.”

Dost dare to be so insolent? [*Strikes her.*]

Second At.

Your pardon,

I did not mean offence.

First At.

’Tis as I think,

The Princess Zora who should wear those colours.

Phil. Ha! ha! indeed thou hast a ready wit:

But use it well, and it will make thy fortune.

[*To the Second At.*] I was too hasty that I laid my
hand

Upon thee so, but I will pay thee for it.

Say, is the music ready that I ordered?

First At. Madam, it is.

Phil.

It shall precede me thither.

But ’tis not yet the time; I will recline

For some few minutes on my couch, and then——

Second At. Her proud joy chokes the sentence.

[*Exeunt into the inner tent.*]

SCENE II.—*Part of the Moorish Camp. PEDRO chained.*

ABEN JACOB, JUAN, ZORA, PRIEST, *Moorish power*
assembled.

Ab. The sun hath set, but his beneficent beams
Still linger in the west; ’till they be quenched
We yet defer thy death, affording thee

A few brief moments more, for preparation
For that fate which impends, and must fall on thee,
Unless thy father bend his haughty spirit
Before predestined will.

Ped. Look not for that ;

He is as resolute in his good course
As thou art in thine evil one, and I,
Calmly to suffer all thou canst inflict.

Ju. Thou art very brave.

Ped. If thou wert in my place
Thou couldst not die as I will show thee how.

Ju. I've other thoughts than those of dying.

Ped. And yet death may be nearer than thou
thinkest.

Ju. Dost talk of death ? I am going to be married.

Ab. The fitting time is come ; bid the priest hither.

[*PRIEST advances.*]

Thou hast deserved her by thy services.
Be proud, but thankful, that thou now shalt join
Thy blood with one who claims no less descent
Than from our mighty prophet.

Ju. All his houries
Moulded in one, would not make up such beauty
As that which shineth here.

Ab. Approach, and take her.

Ju. Fair mistress, though unworthy of this hand—

Zo. Thou sayest thou art unworthy of this hand
And, therefore, shouldst not claim it.

G

I know thou art unworthy of this hand,
And so I will not give it.

Ab.

How is this

Zo. In days of happiness I learned to love,
In sorrow I discovered and avowed it,
In death I will not change.

Ped.

Excellent creature

Zo. Thou hast enough of enemies, my Pedro,
I will not join them.

Ped.

Death hath no pang

Like parting with thee, Zora.

Ju.

But life has,

And thou shalt feel it in its bitterness,
When thou shalt see me make thy Zora mine.
Wilt please to give a blessing on my
marriage ?
Mistress, thy hand.

Ab.

Zora ! no more delay ;

Thou dost presume by much too far in this.
Dare not oppose our will one moment longer.

Zo. Thou art my brother, and by much my
elder,
And add to that, thou art my sovereign,
But love, nor custom, law, nor duty give
The power thou wouldst usurp.

Ab.

Dispute it not,

Or I, perforce, will hold thy unwilling hand
While the priest says the blessing.

Ju. Pretty Zora,
Wilt come, or must I drag thee to my side ?

Ped. Dare not to lay thy foul, polluting touch
Upon that piece of purity and beauty.

Ju. Bold men may quail when the free lion roars,
Who can be frightened by a muzzled dog ?
Thou'rt soon to die. Wouldst, like a dog, die yelping ?

Ped. Thy soldiers screen thee. Oh ! I would thou
wert

Within the limit of my cabin'd arms,
And with these chains I'd brain thee.

Ju. Would you so ? Thus I answer.

[*Approaching ZORA.*]

Ab. Drag her forward.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord, the castle gates are flung wide open,
And the besieged in all their strength come forth.

Zo. Relief then comes at last.

Ped. My hope assured me
That thou should'st not complete this wickedness.

Ju. Hope is a flatterer, do not listen to it ;
Better by far fall back upon despair,
For that is the content of misery.
Content now is a very goodly thing ;
You are a philosopher, and ought to know this.
Your plot is known, and foiled, sagacious youth.

Ab. With twenty times their feeble force they
could not

Break through our strengthened and prepared
lines.

On with the ceremony.

Ju.

Priest proceed.

[*Music heard.*]

Ab. What music's that?

Ju. 'Tis my gull's note, I take it.

Look for a storm now, and a heavy one.

Enter PHILIPPA, magnificently attired.

How proud she looks in all her bravery.

Sweet Philippa, I'm much beholden to thee;

I thank thee, that thou com'st in such good time

To grace the ceremonial.

Phil.

How is this?

Ju. 'Tis very kind of thee, in faith it is.

Who shall dare, henceforth, say that women are

Envious and jealous, and I know not what,

When thus thou comest, and so gaily set

To grace a rival's marriage?

Phil.

Oh! my heart.

Ju. Oh! 'twas well done to plot against me,
madam,

Then sell the secret for a few soft words,

A shew of love, endearments, and hot kisses.

Phil. Oh! I deserve this; I deserve it all.

Ju. Wilt please to take thy place there by the
bride?

'Tis there her friend should stand.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord ! my lord !

I've scarcely breath enough to tell my news ;
We are attacked in rear, by whom we know not.

Ab. By your fears, fool. It is impossible.
It can but be part of the garrison
Have made a circuit. Back, thou slave, and fight
them.

My rage is wakening at these delays ;
On with the wedding.

Pr. Does the maid consent ?

Zo. Oh ! no, no, no, I hate and scorn the man.

Phil. Juan, thou lovedst me once, at least thou
saidst so,

Although, perhaps, e'en then thou didst dissemble.
Do not go further in this wicked business.

'Tis very humbling to a woman's pride
To sue for love, but see me kneeling here,
With tears and not reproaches, I adjure thee—
Cast me not from thee as a scornèd thing,
It was my love that made me plot against thee—
Not against thee—only to stop this marriage.

Ju. Fair bridesmaid, please you to remove your
arms,

Or you will ruffle all my wedding trim.

Phil. Oh ! do not look so scornfully upon me.
And is there, then, no corner of thy heart
In which thy once-loved lingers ?

Ju.

None, whatever.

I loved you, but 'tis many years ago,
And now I would be quit of you, and so——
Unloose me, woman, let me go, I say.

Phil. Deceived, and then deserted, scorned, despised.

Ju. 'Sdeath, quit thy hold.

Phil. And spurned at last. Then, this, shall make thee mine.

[*Snatches his dagger from his side, and stabs him.*]

Ju. Ha ! devil. I am fairly sped, for certain.

A woman's hand ; and so end all my schemes. [*Dies.*]

Ped. Oh ! even justice !

Ab. Guards, approach, and seize her.

Phil. Back, frantic fools ! Look well upon this weapon.

One life already reeks upon its blade,
And betwixt hilt and point is room enough,
Though for a thousand. His blood that now stains it,
Was every drop of it so dearly prized, .
I would have given all my own to save it ;
Yet that rich blood I shed.
And so, stand back, nor throw away your lives ;
It is not yet complete, but this ends all. [*Stabs herself*]
Now, while our blood is mingling on the ground,
Bid the priest come and join our hands together.
Oh ! Juan, 'twas my love that made me do this.
Wilt thou forgive me ? So. One kiss, no more.

His lips are not yet dead. I say they moved !
Give me thy hand, we will be married, love,
And death in his black robes shall be the priest,
None binds so fast and sure. How hard he gripes me.
What ! firmer still ? But yet 'tis very cold. [*Dies.*

Zo. Oh ! this is dreadful.

Pr. It is easier far
To bid the roaring winds of heaven be still,
And charm the raging seas into compliance,
Than check the passions in their headlong course.

Ab. I walk as one newly arisen from sleep,
Staggering forward with uncertain steps,
Misdoubting all he looks on. How is this ?
Truth cannot change, and yet these strange events,
The horrid, sudden ending of that man
Do yet beget a wonder. Now, what more ?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mes. My lord ! our troops give way on every side,
Fresh Spaniards still come up ; the royal army
Is in full march toward us, the advanced guard
Fell on our rear. All's lost.

Ab. I'll hear no more.
Hence thoughts and doubts : it is a time for action.
Close in our ranks. Look well there to the prisoner.
Attend the princess to a place of safety.
No opposition now.

Ped. Beseech thee go,
All may be well.

Ab. By force, if she resist.

Zo. We may not meet upon this earth again :
Farewell, once more farewell.

Ped. Heaven bless thee.

[*Exit ZORA.*

Ab. El Zagel raise our banner : if we fall
Its wind shall fan our dying cheek, its folds
Shall make our shroud. Say I a shroud ? Say
rather

A glorious garment meet for Paradise.
The conflict makes this way ; by Mahomet's beard,
Soon as one Spaniard meets my eye, this sword
That moment slakes it's hot thirst in thy blood.

GUZMAN within.

Guz. Where is this cruel king ? Give me
my son.

Ped. Here, father, here.

Ab. His sight shall bring thee death.

Ped. On, gallant gentlemen, fear not for me,
Press onward, shout for Guzman and Castile.

Enter GUZMAN, VASQUEZ, and SPANISH SOLDIERS.

Ab. Ha ! is it so ? for Allah be this blow then.

[*Stabbing PEDRO.*

Vas. And thus then Allah pays thee, bloody dog.
[*VASQUEZ and ABEN JACOB fight : the KING is slain :
the MOORS are driven off.*]

Does life yet linger ? so—and so—and so.

[*Stabbing him.*

Enter CARRARES and SPANISH forces.

Car. How now, stout Vasquez? Oh! heart
piercing sight!

Guz. [*Endeavouring to staunch PEDRO's wounds.*]
My son! my son; and is it thus we meet?

Ped. Father, 'tis useless——

Guz. Oh! no, no, no, my boy! live Pedro, live.

Vas. He's dying, sir; you do but trouble him.

Ped. The blow was struck home, father;
My eyes grow dim; a few brief moments, and——

Guz. Nay, 'tis but faintness. Oh! how blue his
lips grow:

Oh! God of mercy! spare him to me! spare him!

Ped. Wring not thine hands so, father.—Life is
ebbing:

I've hardly breath——my Mother—Zora—Father.

[*Dies.*]

Guz. He's dead, he's dead!

Vas. Behold his murderer's blood: he is avenged.
Let us not slip the opportunity:
Let us make after them, my noble master.

Guz. That it should come to this!

Vas. My lord! my lord!

Guz. You trouble me. [*Trumpet sounds.*] Be
silent, 'tis his dirge.

[*Body of PEDRO carried out. GUZMAN follows.*]

Car. See, Vasquez, lying here the bleeding bodies
Of Juan, and his wretched mistress, Philippa.

Vas. He has escaped me then ; I meant to pay him.

Car. 'Tis by her hand 'twould seem he has been slain,

Which after has been turned against herself.

Vas. 'Tis now no time to talk of these events ;

Let us again upon the enemy.

They yield on every side. On, on, for vengeance.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*Chamber in the Fortress. Enter VASQUEZ and PHYSICIAN severally.*

Ph. What tidings of the fight, sir ?

Vas. The fight is now a chase, on every hand
The enemy is defeated ; ere the morning
They will be quite destroyed. I had not left
So soon, but could not bear to be in doubt.
How fares my noble master ?

Ph. Sir, I grieve
To answer you ; sorrow has made him frenzied.

Vas. Look on this chain, it is of solid gold
And costly workmanship. Use all thy art,
Restore him, 'tis thine own.

Ph. Nay, keep thy chain ;
My love will work more than a mine of gold.

Vas. Thou hast a kind heart, doctor, and an honest,
As all thy trade should have, and mostly have ;
Forgive me.

Ph. Nay, I do not take offence.
Behold, sir, the sad subject of our speech.

Enter GUZMAN and ATTENDANTS.

Guz. You think that I shall do myself a violence,
I know you do, that thus you dog my steps ;
You've ta'en away my sword. I had another—
I have been thinking what I did with that.

Ph. Speak to him, sir, in mercy speak to him,
Let not his thoughts run that way.

Vas. My dear lord.

Guz. My faithful soldier. Ha ! my good old
Vasquez.

Be not offended that I call thee old ;
We have grown old together. I that wedded,
Have a brave son, do you know where he is ?

Vas. Quite gone.

Ph. The fit is on him now at worst.

Vas. Hath he forgotten what has happened to him ?

Ph. He varies much ; sometimes he talks thus
wildly,

And then at others, sits as in a stupor ;
Then will he suddenly start up, and cry
With piercing voice "my son !" and beat his breast ;
But yet he sheds no tear.

Guz. Call our son hither ;

He should be at the council.

Do not fear, wife. He'll very soon be here.

It is our wedding day.

Vas. Alas ! alas !

Guz. I tell you, that I will not yield the fortress.
Behold a weapon ! Was it not heroical ?

Ha ! bloody king, now, now ; I have thee fast.

Vas. Do you not know me, sir ?

Guz. You are a traitor,
I'll have no whispering, plotting, or disguising.

You are a traitor, Vasquez.

'Twas you, I say, that counselled me to wait
And looked out for the signal ; was it not ?
Fool that I was, to think that truth could dwell
Within the breast that vice had made its own.

Vas. That shows more consciousness ; 'twas like
himself.

Ph. See he is lost again, this heavy melancholy
Is harder to deal with than the extreme of frenzy.

Vas. Might not the sight of the Moorish lady, the
unhappy, though innocent cause of his misery, perhaps
recall his reason ?

Ph. The shock, I fear, may be more than he
has strength to bear, and yet so hopeless is now
his present state, that it were well to try. [*Speaks to*
ATTENDANT who goes out.] You have not told me
where you found her.

Vas. In the women's tent, weeping, poor thing,
as if her heart would break. I never could bear to
see a woman's tears, rough crab-stock as I am. How
does she now ?

Ph. The wound is too deep, I fear, not to be mortal.

Enter ZORA.

Ph. The Lady Zora, sir, is come to see you.

Guz. Zora ! Zora ! I once knew that name.

Zo. Alas ! alas ! how grievously he's changed.
Have you forgotten me ?

Guz. It were a fine thing if one could forget many things in this rough world. Come nearer to me, child. I think I recollect thee long ago. Yes, yes ; but it is many years ago, and thou hast changed since then. Why dost thou weep ?

Things beautiful should all be good and happy :

It was so at the first ; when this fair world

Was a confusèd, void, and shapeless mass,

The all-good Maker charmed it into order,

And left his impress Beauty.

Beauty and virtue are by nature twins ;

Sorrow and passion 'tis have broke their union.

Zo. 'Tis useless quite.

Vas.

I fear so.

Ph.

Give not up yet.

See how he gazes now upon her features :

'Tis strange how even in his very fantasy,

His native nobleness of mind breaks forth,

And plays like sunshine upon some gray ruin.

Zo. He seems to recognise me.

Guz.

Ah ! I know thee.

[*Thrusting her back, and covering his eyes.*]

But cannot bear thy sight. Oh ! fatal beauty !

Zo. Indeed I was the cause, but do not curse me ;

I would have given my life to have saved his.

It will not be a very long one now.

Ph. Nature relieves herself ; see the big tears
Are running through his fingers ; they will ease
him.

The anodyne that he has taken, now
Will have its due effect.

Guz. Forgive me, child,
Reason came back with a rude shock upon me ;
I know not what I did or said just then,
I'll cherish thee if 'twere but for his sake.

Ph. Best leave him, lady, now.

Zo. May Heaven restore you !

Guz. God keep and comfort thee, and strengthen
me.

To bear my load of sorrow patiently.

[*Exit ZORA.*]

How is my wife ?—and where ?—can I not see
her ?

Ph. To-morrow, sir, you shall, but for this
night

Retire and try to sleep. Lean upon me.

Guz. And on thee, too, my Vasquez.

[*Exit, supported by PHYSICIAN and VASQUEZ.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the walls of the Fortress. Enter*

KING SANCHE, CARRARES, and Spanish army.

San. So now the sun arises cheerily
And looking down upon our Spain, beholds
No alien with hard hoof, impiously trampling
Her fertile fields. Her children bless his beams,
Knowing the fruit they ripen shall be theirs
To enjoy in peace ; the enemy destroyed
That thought to snatch the blessing from their
hands.

On his full wheat-sheaves lolls fat plenty now,
In his brown hand crushing the purple clusters,
Unknowing of a care, except to shade
Intruding sunbeams from his winking eyes,
As dreaming of his store, he lazily
Counts the rich gain the bounteous season yields.
Praises are due to all, but most to those
Who have so valiantly maintained our cause
In this good fortress. Bid our trumpets sound.
Carrares, we do owe thee much, and will
Strive to find means of payment.

[*The gates are opened. Enter INEZ and ATTENDANTS.*]

Ah ! a lady !

In. My lord, I come to bid you welcome here,
And pray your pardon for the absence of
The hapless Duchess, mourning for her son.

San. A mother's sorrows are too sacred far
For any vulgar eye to look upon.

Alas ! poor lady ; and the noble Guzman,
How doth he bear this blow ?

In. So great a sorrow
Had crushed a man less noble. Until now
He ne'er so justly might be named "The Good."
Your summons called him from his oratory,
'Tis there he seeks for strength, nor seeks it vainly.
I left him, sire, preparing to come forth.

San. Goodness is catching, surely ; nothing here
But is filled full of nobleness and virtue.

Car. With what a modest dignity she speaks !
For all its wildness, deep may be the stream,
Though laughing sunbeams play upon its surface.

Enter VASQUEZ, with Soldiers of Garrison. Lastly,
GUZMAN, with ATTENDANTS carrying the keys of
Fortress.

San. These are the jewels really grace a king,
Monarchs, be proud to wear them. Thou good man,
So much hast thou endured, and in my cause,
I blush to look upon thee : thought can never
Come up to the conception of such virtue,
The poorer tongue cannot express the thought.

Guz. Your Majesty is welcome to your own,——
I pray, you, do not heap these praises on me,
My duty is discharged.

San. But at what price ?

Guz. I may not think of that.
Planting my foot upon the rock of patience,

I'll strive to bear my sorrows as I ought,
And trust I feel more real happiness
Even in my grief,
Than were he living by my side, who now——
May it please your Majesty, to take the keys.

[Kneels, and presents them as the curtain drops.]



THE SECRETARY.

A PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUBERT FALCONER.

SIR EDWARD FALCONER.

THE EARL OF COURTTOWN.

LORD COURTTOWN, his son.

SIR PHILIP HERBERT.

FRANCIS HERBERT, his son.

FRIBBLE.

STEWARD,

COOK,

RALPH,

GREGORY,

} Servants to Sir EDWARD FALCONER.

RACHEL, daughter of HUBERT FALCONER.

ELEANOR, daughter of Sir EDWARD FALCONER.

*The Scene is laid in England, in Falconer Castle and
the neighbourhood.*

Time, the latter part of the reign of Charles II.

To the Memory

OF A LATELY LOST, AND ALWAYS, AND EVER AND EVER
TO BE LOVED BROTHER, THIS PLAY IS INSCRIBED.

It was written many years ago, and originated in the thought whether anything, apart from rivalry in the passion of love, could sever the attachment of brothers closely bound to one another in infancy, youth, and early manhood, and render them adversaries. The writer was thus led to the invention of a train of circumstances which should for a time have such an effect, and he also sought incidentally to show the changes wrought by a long course of adversity in hardening the nature of one of the brothers, and of prosperity in corrupting that of the other, while working out in the sequel of his story the triumph under home influences and early associations of Christian charity and brotherly love.

The period chosen—the latter years of the reign of Charles II.—seemed to lend itself to the probabilities of the Story, while it afforded the Author a considerable variety of character. The sturdy,

rough old Cavalier, living his healthy country life apart from the vices and follies of the Court—his son as brave and manly, but of a more thoughtful and higher type—the supple courtiers, immersed in the pleasures and selfishness of the times—their children affected, but not wholly corrupted by them, having sufficient nobleness of nature to struggle upwards towards the better days soon to come—all naturally fell within the scope of the plan which the Author has endeavoured to work out.



THE SECRETARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open country. The seat of the Falconer family in the distance.* HUBERT FALCONER,
RACHEL.

Ra. Nay, father, stay not here ; it cannot be
But this place must awaken sad remembrance.

Hu. Ay, girl, I know it much too well indeed !
There stands the house that should of right be mine.
Twenty sad years have gone since I abandoned it,
And on this very spot I stood and gazed,
And found then how I loved it ; had gone back,
But my fierce passion and mad pride restrained me.
It was but an imaginary offence,
A scornful speech made in the heat of anger ;
Yet those few bitter words made me a wanderer.
How sorely have I suffered for my folly !

Ra. Nay, dwell not on these mournful memories.

Hu. My life has been one long calamity.
In battle I have fought as one who held
His life a plaything, only to see others
Receive the guerdon that of right was mine.
I laid out all, my all, my blood-bought all,
Des'prately ventured on the treach'rous seas :
To all but me they yielded stores of wealth.
Disasters gathered in black clouds around me,
And savage fate roared after in the blast ;
Oh ! ocean ! why in thy insatiate gulphs——

Ra. Father, forgive me ; but this should not be ;
Our lives were spared——

Hu. And what is life to me ?
Think you the beast that staggers 'neath his burden,
Is grateful that it presses his galled back ?

Ra. Let us hope better times.

Hu. And starve while hoping.

Ra. Is not your brother Edward the possessor
Of all these rich domains, of which thou'rt heir ?

Hu. And dare I claim them ? Am I not com-
pelled,
To 'scape the vengeance of the favorite,
Who lords it now in this degenerate land,
To skulk about in hiding ? And for what ?
Because I struck to earth the tinselled thing,
Who dared insult thee in his grace's livery.

Ra. His wound was slight, and will be soon
forgotten.

Events like this, are now, alas! too common
To be remembered long.

Hu. And, meanwhile, Rachel,
What would you have me do for sustenance?
How shall we live? Bird-like, upon berries?

Ra. Why not make known your state unto your
brother?

I've heard you say, that he was still a kind one.

Hu. We loved each other in our boyish days
With more than brother's love; in studies,
pastimes,

Sorrows, and joys, were all to one another;
Our features were alike. What of all this?
The world on me has laid a heavy hand,
And its hot injuries have nigh burned up
My heartstrings, while with him smoothly has
flowed

The stream of life, and thus prosperity
Has wrought upon his gentle and staid temper,
The effect adversity has had on mine.
The dust and dross of wealth have choked his
nature;

The kindly youth is now the grasping man.
Then, what have I to look for from his hands,
But that he should, to be well rid of me,
And of my troublesome claims to his estate,
Denounce me to the Duke of Buckingham?

Ra. Perhaps you judge him harshly.

Hu. 'Tis the world,
And that which I have seen and suffered in it,
That makes me speak thus. Oh ! experience,
At what a costly price we purchase thee.

Ra. Suppose that I should go unto my uncle,
And see if he be that the world proclaims him,
Or, whether envy call by a harsh name,
What is no more than prudent thoughtfulness.

Hu. Rachel, thou shalt. Disclose to him thy birth,
Concealing my return to England.
But, do not humble thyself before him,
Thou art my daughter. I, a gentleman.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Do not these rags proclaim it ?

Ra. Nay, do not look so wildly. Father, father,
I could bear any hardship or privation.
I cannot bear to see thee thus.

Hu. Rachel,
I know that I have quench'd thy light of youth,
And in the season that should know but smiles,
Have cast the shade of sadness on thy cheek.
I know my moody temper has done more
Than all our troubles have. Forgive me, Rachel.

Ra. Oh ! sir, 'tis now, indeed, you make me weep.

Hu. Nay, Rachel, do not. I will be more patient.
Indeed, indeed I love thee. Oh ! they know not
Whom fortune smiles on, honors court, and pleasures
Wait on obsequious from morn till night ;
Who are possessed of all the praise and worship

Ambition dreams of ; and, oh ! dearer far,
Have that respect and love that even virtue
Grows almost proud of. Oh ! these know not how
Earnest and yearning that affection is
Throbbing within the breast that knows and feels
That only love, its only happiness,
That only love to bind it to its kind !

Ra. But thou hast many things yet left to love,
And yet thou shalt not love me one jot less ;
And thou hast many comforts in thy reach,
Yet will not I be less a comfort to thee.
There are a thousand joys that ever wait
Upon the quiet and contented spirit.
There's not a wild flower blossoms in the hedge,
But was placed there for man's enjoyment :
Children of pomp walk beneath gilded domes,
That hide the glorious canopy of heaven ;
For garish lamps, we'll have the quiet stars ;
For music, singing birds and waterfalls.
And tell me, father, which the courtly perfume,
Dare vie in odor with the blossoming May ?
These be the poor man's pleasures, the unbought,
Yet priceless luxuries of bounteous nature :
Alas ! for those who have no heart to enjoy them.

Hu. Heaven has been very good to me in thee ;
I know not what I might have been, an' I
Had not had thy sweet spirit to control me.
Let us go see this brother. Time and sorrow

Have so worked here he will not recognise me.
I'll with thee as thy servant, although hardly
A fit attendant for so fair a lady.

Ra. Fear not, our sunshine days shall come again,
And we will wear brave clothes then, dearest father.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Study of Sir EDWARD FALCONER.*

Sir EDWARD FALCONER seated at a table covered with
books, papers, &c.

Sir E. Wealth ! wealth ! wealth ! wealth ! What
do we suffer for thee !

The slave, who digs the gold from out the earth,
Whose pallid cheek shall never know again
The blessed air and sunshine, doth not toil
As I have done, and thousands do, for thee.

But these are idle thoughts. My Elinor !

It is not for myself I have done this ;

Not for myself : 'tis all for thee, my daughter.

My wealth shall win for thee a coronet.

Methinks I see it glittering on thy brow.

Would that this earl were here. What can delay him ?

What if this story lately buzzed abroad,

Should prove true now, and Hubert really come ?

A few brief days, Fortune—I ask no more.

Ho ! Ralph, ho ! Why bring you not the letters ?

[*Enter RALPH.*]

Ra. Gregory hath not returned, sir.

Sir E. Where loiters he? Why send a fool like him?

For ought you know, he'll wander about till night-fall.
Go seek him, sir.

Ra. Hither he comes, an't please you.
[Enter GREGORY.]

Sir E. How now, you lazy knave, why wast so long?

Give me the letters——

Gre. Letters, Sir Edward, letters?
There was but one, sir; had there been a dozen
I had come twelve times as fast.

Sir E. Give me the letter.

Gre. Instantly, Sir Edward.
Had there been twelve, they had been twelve times
as heavy;
Twelve times as long a coming.

Ra. Gregory;
Your tongue will get your back some day in
trouble.

Gre. [Looking for the letter.] I have it safe in one
pouch or the other.

As I was standing, waiting for the post,
There came a damsel up, all sweet and trim,
A pretty wench, a very pretty wench;
I looked her in the face, for I remembered
That I had on my bran new scarlet hose.

Sir E. The letter, fool, the letter.

Gre. Speak not harshly ;
You've flurried me, or ere this I had found it.

Ra. It never does to speak harshly to Gregory,
Sir Edward.

Gre. I hope I have not lost it. 'Tis a large one,
And "speed" is written in the corner here ;
I give Heaven thanks I have been taught to read :
Oh ! now I know ; I put it in my cap !
See, here it is—a deal of wax about it—
'Tis wonderful how gentlefolks do waste.

Sir E. Go, both, and wait without.

Gre. Come, Ralph, I'll tell you.
This damsel now that I was speaking of,
Came tripping up, and who d'ye think it was ;
Why, pretty Phœbe, the new dairymaid ;
And in her hand she held a love letter.
I knew it by the folding, and the way
In which she carried it to her heart, thus ;
And the address turned inside, lest a scholar,
Should read her sweetheart's name upon the cover.

Ra. Come, Gregory, or master will be angry.

Gre. Well, now, I'll tell you about pretty Phœbe.

[*Exeunt* RALPH and GREGORY.]

Sir E. So, it is true then, but this lucky quarrel.
"A follower of the Duke of Buckingham
"Wounded severely, and a large reward
"Proclaimed for the apprehension of the offender."
I thank thee? thou dost still befriend me, Fortune :

He will not now dare to declare himself,
And if he should. But no, no, he'll not do it.
And can I but succeed to wed my Elinor,
I may perhaps ; but softly, some one knocks.

Enter HUBERT FALCONER and RACHEL.

Ra. [*After a pause.*] Is't to Sir Edward Falconer
I speak.

Sir E. I claim that name, failing a better, lady.

Hu. [*Aside and apart.*] It is an honest name ;
who needs a better ?

Unless it have lost something in your keeping.

Why does she pause ?

Sir E. Fair maiden, wherefore tremble ?

[*RACHEL kneeling.*]

Nay ! not to me this reverence.

Hu. [*Aside.*]

He looks

With gentleness and kindness now upon her ;

It is the very brother of my youth :

Oh ! I did sin to doubt him ; I will fall

Upon his neck and tell him all ; but stay.

Ra. Pardon me, sir, I did but offer now

The sign of duty which I justly owe you :

My father's brother sure may claim no less.

Sir E. My brother ! say you ? how ? my brother's
child ?

Ra. Himself a fugitive, his only child

Now comes to ask protection of her uncle.

Sir E. But this surprises me.

Hu. [*Aside.*] It is not joy.

Sir E. I had forgot—that is—I never heard,
I mean—I mean—I knew not he e'er married.

[*Aside.*] This will spoil all; so near and to be
dashed.

Ra. I trust that as your niece, I shall not lack,
That kindness, sir, that but now to a stranger
You seemed about to proffer.

Sir E. Surely not.
Forgive me, if, at first, astonishment
Robbed thee of half thy welcome.
Wilt thou command thy servant leave the room,
I would be private with thee, my dear niece.

Ra. He is the truest friend I have on earth;
I have no secret that he may not share.

Hu. She says well, sir, and truly. I stay here;
If you mean well, I'll help you, and not hinder.

Sir E. What should I mean but well?

Hu. Nay, that I know not.

[*Aside.*] I like not that uneasy look, though,
brother;

There's treachery in that smile. I fear, I fear.

Sir E. What is your name, girl?

Ra. Rachel, sir.

Sir E. Our mother's!

[*Walks up the stage speaking to himself.*]

That she should come at such a time as this,
I know not what to do. It is too hard;

It is too hard a trial. All my labors
To free the estate from its incumbrances.
And then, my daughter's marriage. Should the earl
But hear a rumor, he will break it off.

Ra. You seem, Sir, much engaged.

Hu. [*Aside.*] With ill, I fear.

Sir E. Nay, is it strange? But is the story true,
My brother has returned to England,
And in some desp'rate brawl severely wounded
A follower of the Duke of Buckingham?

Ra. It is too true, and he is forced conceal
himself

Until the noise of it be overblown.

Sir E. But whither should my brother flee for
shelter,

If not to me? In this he wrongs my love.

Hu. Perhaps he wished not you should share his
danger,

And, besides that, Sir, Hubert Falconer

So seldom lets another trace his motives

I can assign no reason, nor my lady.

Ra. But, meanwhile, uncle, though I do not
ask,

All that my father may in justice claim,

An uncle's home and heart are surely mine.

Hu. And liberal maintenance, and recognition,

And all that fits thy elder brother's daughter,

The rightful owner of these broad domains.

Sir E. Softly, softly,
Most trooper-like, and trumpet-talking gentleman,
I must first have good proofs. Can you afford them?

Ra. My father would have needed none. For me,
I have been held so like him that, perhaps,
My features, and this ancient family ring——

Sir E. Jewels are bought, and sold, and lost, and
found,

And likenesses were ne'er received as evidence
That I have heard, in any court of justice.

Hu. You are a villain.

Sir E. Be advised, old man.

Hu. You are a villain.

Sir E. Know you who I am?

Hu. I've said what, twice, already.

Ra. Patience, patience.

Sir E. The round house shall instruct him in it.

Hu. Nay,

You'd not so treat your brother's faithful follower.

It may not be your interest to misuse me.

Sir E. [*Aside.*] What does he mean by that?

There is somewhat

Of hidden meaning in this fellow's face.

I'll take a time to speak with him alone.

Lady, this is a strange story you have told;

It may be true or not, but till I have

Some better proof than mere asseveration,

I must hold off, and think you but a stranger.

And, as at this time I expect some guests
Of mark and note, I must now crave your absence.

Hu. You will not, surely, thrust us from your
doors :

Consider, Sir, she is your brother's child ;
Think on how near, and dear a brother is ;
To whom else can she look, if not to thee—
Think that in me thy brother speaks to thee—
The brother, the loved brother of thy youth.
This hand is far too delicate for labor.
Thou would'st not want should feed upon that
cheek,

So smooth and fair as 'tis. Not a flower
Is sweeter to the sense ; nor in its bosom
The drop the morning leaves is half so pure
As the pure soul that there hath made its mansion.
These graces, and these virtues, of themselves
Would wake a stranger's fondness ; what love then
An uncle should bestow.

Sir E. When you can prove
That I am so, I will exhibit it ;
Till then, again I must desire your absence,
And warn you, also, as a magistrate
I cannot suffer in my jurisdiction
Suspicious characters ; and would advise you——

Hu. Fierce curses catch thee ! Rachel, come
away !

[*Exeunt HUBERT and RACHEL hastily.*]

Sir E. Ralph !

Enter RALPH.

Run quickly after yonder serving man,
And whisper in his ear, I'd speak with him ;
Do it, observe me, privately, and quickly.

[Exit RALPH.]

He does not wear an open face, and such
Are mostly knaves ; and yet his earnest language
Would argue him as faithful ; but he's poor.
He has the air, too, of a gentleman.
A servant's place. But what am I about ?
And whither am I falling I should need
Base instruments to work with ? Let me think.
I hitherto have stood well with the world ;
If somewhat rigidly I have exacted
The uttermost of my right, I never yet
Was taxed with doing wrong to any man.
And now—and now, shall I become a robber ?
And from my brother's child, too ? And yet how
Am I assured she is so ? If she be,
Hereafter I have power to do her justice.
And then my Eleanor, my lovely Eleanor,
Reason and nature bid me care for her.
Hither comes Ralph, with him the follower
Of my fair would-be niece. I'll meet him outside.

[Exit SIR EDWARD.]

SCENE III.—*The open country. Rachel alone.*

Ra. Would he were here. I trust that it bodes good

My uncle should recall him. How I long
To know the event. Hark! is not that a footstep?
[*Enter LORD COURTTOWN.*

Ah! me, it is a stranger.

Lord C. Pretty maiden!
Art waiting for thy lover? No reply!
Be not ashamed of it, nor turn away
To hide those pretty blushes; for I guess
That thou dost blush, and swear thou blushest
prettily.

[*RACHEL is going, he intercepts her.*

Ra. Hinder me not, Sir.

Lord C. Nay, nay, pretty one.

Ra. I shall not long, Sir, be without protection.
And, if, indeed, you be a gentleman,
You will not now act otherwise than if
A thousand stood beside me.

Lord C. Oh! I love
To see a pretty woman in a passion.
Whip me with roses, furious butterfly!
Nay, prithee speak, although it be in anger.
Would pretty preachers, such as thou, hold forth,
'Slife, wisdom would I think become the mode,
And folly then might jangle as she would
Her merry bells, and yet none think it music.

Ra. You love to hear yourself talk, Sir, it would seem.

Lord C. I had much rather listen to thee, pretty one.

Now, pray consider, if such power be
But in thy words alone, what were not wrought
If those two lips (where, as on some fair altar
Love's offerings should be placed) if those two lips
(Which give thy speech in passing over them
Such sweetness as the summer's breath inhales
From out the rose's bosom), if those lips
Would but apply them to their proper uses,
And wreathed in smiles, breaking, like light at
morning,
Would fall to mingling kisses with persuasion.

Ra. Are you of the Court, Sir?

Lord C. I belong to it.

But ne'er so earnest a suitor was, as now.

Ra. Your eloquence is thrown away on me,
Sir,

Pity such pretty things should thus be wasted :
Doubtless thou'lt find, even in these solitudes,
Some who will value them : to such as these
Prithee address thyself, and leave me free.

Lord C. Nay, you must pay for freedom, pretty one.

Ra. Release me, Sir ; I am a gentlewoman :
And will not be insulted with impunity.

Lord C. Imagine now all this resistance made :
'Twill save a deal of time. Nay, do not be
So very outrageous in thy modesty ;
One kiss at least will never harm thy virtue :
'Faith, I could never pass a cherry-tree
But I must bob at the delicious fruit.

*YOUNG HERBERT, who has entered unperceived,
interposes.*

Y. Her. But sometimes it has set your teeth on
edge,
And may again.

Lord C. Why, who the devil are you ?

Y. Her. One Francis Herbert, English gentleman ;
Who in that title knows himself no second
To any he on earth.

Lord C. Well, Francis Herbert, English gentleman,
What may your pleasure be ? It suits not mine
To hold here parley with your bulky worship.

Ra. Protect me, Sir, from this licentious man.

Y. Her. There did not need this earnest adjuration ;
I heard a gentle voice ring loud in anger,
And hastened hither. Prithee, Sir, be packing.

Lord C. Insolent groom ! although thou art
unworthy
To cross swords with a man of quality,
Anger has beaten down the broad distinction——

[*Drawing.*

Y. Her. Let anger build it up then, or go cool himself.

Lord C. Thou fearest? Ay?

Y. Her. Not I, I fear not man,
And who may you be I should tremble at?

Lord C. Courttown my name is, and an English baron.

Y. Her. I'm sorry for it; it is such as you
That scandalize our pure nobility :
'Tis such as you poison and barb the arrows
That the ill-judging and the bad let fly
At all that is most worthy love and reverence.
You've been a traveller, too, as I have heard ;
One of the many circulating libels
Upon our island character, who make it
Hateful abroad for supercilious pride,
Then return home laden with foreign follies
(As if our own land did not grow enough)
To lay out all their little stock of wit
In scoffing at the manners, tastes, and customs,
The talents, and the virtues of the country,
They should be ever ready to defend
With heart, tongue, pen and sword.

Ra. How nobly he talks.

Lord C. A very rustic satirist, on my life !
You have a tongue to say uncivil things,
Have you a heart and sword that dare avouch
them?

Y. Her. I wear a sword : 'tis for my country's
service,

Would but her rulers call it forth to use.
But for my life, I hold it far too worthy
To throw away in any private brawl
With such as thee.

Lord C. Then leave the lady, rustic :

Y. Her. Nay, lord, I said not that.

Lord C. Defend thyself, then :

Or, as I am a gentleman, I'll slay thee :
And with as small remorse as e'er thy sire
Knocked down a bullock ; for I will not take
The word of such a talker as thyself,
That gives thee out to be a gentleman,
Who shunnest a fair quarrel.

Y. Her. Sir, your taunts,

Which I despise, move not my even temper :
But in my own defence, in the good cause
Of one who needs my aid, my sword I draw
And mean to use it. Now then, Sir, have at ye—
Look well I pray to your embroidery,
Or I may spoil your doublet.

Lord C. Come on, come on.

[*They fight.*]

Ra. Ah, me ! there will be bloodshed. Gentlemen,
I pray you, cease your strife. Help, murder,
help !

My lord forbear to urge in just defence

A man to take thy life. Nor take thou his
Who strikes for the defenceless. They don't heed me—

Enter OLD HERBERT.

O. Her. Why, what on earth's the cause of all this
clamor?

Ho! fighting! and a petticoat to boot!

Ra. Heaven be praised; pray, Sir, make in and
part them:

O. Her. Part fiddlesticks——

Ra. There will be murder, Sir:

O. Her. Fore gad! why, it is Frank: oh! the sly
dog.

Ra. You seem to know him; stand not idle, Sir:

O. Her. I ought to know him, though the proverb
doubts:

But never fear: I taught him use the rapier:

Yet yonder trim fantastic knows the fence, too:

It were a pity now to spoil the game:—

Ha! well put in, Frank; now then—now thou hast
him!

Up in the air, by old Oliver's bottle nose.

[*COURTOWN is disarmed.*]

Lord C. I am without defence, but scorn thy
mercy:

Do as thou wilt.

Y. Her. Take your life, and may you
Draw sword next time, Sir, in a better quarrel,
And better may it stead you.

Lord C.

Sir, I thank you,

And crave forgiveness for the unworthy words

My anger put upon you. To this lady,

I know not what to say.

O. Her.

Say nothing, then,

For there has been enough said, quite, about it :

Cannot two gentlemen fall out, and having

Decided then like gentlemen their quarrel,

Without palavering apologies,

Put up and part as friends ; or better yet

Wash away all unkindness in a bottle.

[*Enter FRIBBLE.*

Frib. My lord, your lordship's presence is much
longed for :

Your lordship's absence is, my lord, much wondered at.

The noble lord, your noble lordship's father

Sent me to seek your lordship and to pray

Your lordship to his lordship, would my lord——

O. Her. Good Lord ! good Lord ! good Lord !

How many lords, I wonder, may there be ?

This fellow's father was a parrot, sure,

Hanging up near the house of Parliament ;

Who only learnt the two words, lord and lordship.

Lord C. Where stays my father, Sir ?

Frib. My lord, his lordship——

Lord C. For heaven's sake, Fribble, make me not
ridiculous.

Answer me in two words :

Frib. My lord, his lordship—
Waits at the Lord's Head :

Lord C. Go you before then,
And tell him that I come.

[*Exit FRIBBLE.*

Lord C. Your servant, madam ; gentlemen, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ra. Sir, I do pray thee
Not count me as ungrateful, for I have not
Thanked, nor can thank thee as I feel I should.

O. Her. Thankful and grateful ? what's all this
about ?

What mighty cause for all this gratitude ?
That he has had a pretty bit of sword play ?
Why 'tis the finest thing on earth, young lady,
To keep a man's soul from rusting in his body,
His blood pure, and his appetite brisk for dinner.

Y. Her. Lady, the trifling service I have rendered
thee.

O. Her. Come, let's have no more speeches :
you're a ninny,

Or you ere this would have made offer of
Your arm to this young lady, and have seen her,
Safe to her home : now, then, I seize the spoil.
Wilt take an old man's, lady ? Sure I thought
I knew each pair of bright eyes and fair cheeks
For many a mile around. May I enquire
Your home and name ?

Ra. I'm Rachel Falconer,
The daughter of the absent Hubert Falconer,
By ill chance still compelled to be a wanderer.
This morning to my uncle I made known
My name and claim, and met but cold reception.

O. Her. Oh ! the villain !

Y. Her. But you shall not want friends ;
Who will compel your uncle do you justice.

O. Her. No more she shall ; spoke like a lad of
spirit.

I'll go and fight him myself.

Y. Her. Sir, milder measures,
Might stead the lady better :

O. Her. Pshaw ! mild measures !
The devil fly away with all mild measures.
But maybe you are right. Till this be settled
You shall not want a home while I've a house
To cover my old head. I knew your grandsire ;
At Naseby and Edgehill we fought together.
My name is Herbert, old Sir Philip Herbert.

Ra. I oft have heard my father mention it.

O. Her. Ay, ay : but now 'tis dinner-time ; come then
And let us talk about it afterwards.

Ra. I wait here now, Sir, the return of one
Who has been a faithful follower of my fortunes,
And whom my uncle summoned back again
Into his presence after I had left him :
And, hither, Sir, he comes.

O. Her. Well, we will leave you
To hear in private how he may have sped.
You see my old hall in the distance there,
Beyond the oak plantation ; find your way there ;
'Tis your home, lady, while you've need of one ;
Come, Frank, you dog ; come, Frank, no tête-à-tête,
As modern coxcombs call it.

Y. Her. Farewell, lady,
For a brief space, I trust.

Ra. Kind friends, good friends, for a brief space
farewell. [*Exeunt the two HERBERTS.*

Enter HUBERT FALCONER.

Hu. Rachel, my child, all will be well ; this
brother
Will run his head into a noose will hold him :
He sent for me to bribe me, Rachel ; see—
[*Showing money.*

This is the price for which he thinks I've sold thee :
This, and the honorable office, too,
Of secretary, private secretary,
He has conferred upon me ; being so,
I cannot fail to learn of his affairs
Enough to make us even. Plots there have
been,

Though he's a prudent man ; yet men do say—

Ra. Father, I do not like this secret course ;
This treacherous crooked course. Father, beware
How you do aught that men should have occasion

To say (and, what is more, deservedly)
We're fall'n alike in fortune and in honor.

Hu. Tush, Rachel, tush ; you are a simple girl :
Has he not power, and does he scruple use
Base means to hold that which is not his right,
And shall I sermonize and cavil over
The means that Providence itself would seem
To put into my hand.

Ra. I like it not.
But I have much to tell thee ; walk this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in the House of* SIR EDWARD
FALCONER.

SIR EDWARD FALCONER, EARL COURTTOWN, LORD
COURTTOWN, FRIBBLE *and* GUESTS, ATTENDANTS,
&c.

Sir E. To offer to your lordship a poor welcome
With my short-coming tongue were sure superfluous ;
Myself, my all, are precious, or but worthless,
As you, my lord, esteem them.

Earl C. Thanks, Sir Edward ;
Closer we trust to draw the friendly bands,
Which at some distance have connected us.
Permit me, Sir, present my son to you,
Heir of th' ancientest earldom in the land ;
Quite the young courtier.

Sir E. I perceive it, Sir.
Young gentleman, I'm honored in your presence.

Lord C. I do salute your hand most reverently,
And will, Sir, strive to match my poor deservings
With your exceeding and abounding courtesy.

Earl C. A good address, Sir.

Sir E. Excellent, my lord.

Earl C. I am his father, therefore should not
boast ;

Has he not a rare fashion in his garments ?
He's high in favour, I assure you, Sir,
With all our gay court beauties. I have heard
Your daughter's beauty much commended, too ;
They'll be a handsome couple.

Sir E. I trust, my lord, her beauty and her wit
Make her fit match for e'en your lordship's son.
And for her dowry I have wealth to win
A ducal coronet as a bridal present,
And to it add that should support the title.
Although but young she hath had many suitors,
But yet hath stooped to none.

Earl C. She hath some pride, then.

Sir E. Envy might pronounce her
As somewhat overweening of her beauty.

Earl C. She shall be so the fitter for a Courttown ;
Pride is a grace, Sir Edward, in nobility.

Lord C. [*Aside.*] A graceful man my reverend
father, then.

Sir E. Why stays my daughter? Bid thy mistress hither.

Servant. She bade me say, if she were asked for,
Sir,

This day she purposed not to leave her chamber.

Sir E. How! is she ill?

Servant. No, Sir, but indisposed for company.

Earl C. This shews but scant respect.

Sir E. Conceive it not so:

She doth not know perhaps of your arrival:

[*Aside.*] Her foolish pride to thwart me.

Earl C. Sir, an Earl, Sir.

Sir E. Nay.

[*EARL COURTTOWN and SIR EDWARD FALCONER converse apart.*]

Lord C. This pastorelle seems somewhat whimsical.

Frib. Very, my lord; to slight your lordship!
La!

Lord C. A rustic beauty. Very proud no doubt
Of being first to wear the London fashions,
Dazzling her neighbors, charming the strange creatures

Who spend their lives in chasing animals
Superior to themselves, and in their cups
Roar out: "A buxom wench, let's drink her health."
Comely but coarse, and ruddy and robust.

Frib. Red elbows.

Lord C. And thick ankles.

Frib. For her face—

Lord C. A country dish, cream-cheese and radishes.

Frib. My lord, I wish you joy of your *fiancée*.

Lord C. Wedlock's, you know, a ceremony, Fribble,
That men of rank and family, like myself,
Are bound to undergo, and thus provide
An heir legitimate to our name and honors—
This is the soundest reason e'er assigned
For hymeneal fetters, and our class,
Clearly the highest of the wedding public.
The next's a herd of romping boys and girls,
Whom prudent parents get a grace said over,
At a ripe age ; just as men worm their puppies,
And ring their pigs, to keep them out of mischief.
I understand there is another class
(I speak from hearsay, not from observation,
They're all plebeians) who have horrid notions
Of duty, constancy, et cetera :
Make it their boast they do not feel their fetters,
And that infatuation lasts for life :
These marry from pure liking.

Frib. Did your lordship
Ever behold two perfect specimens ?

Lord C. No, never full-grown ones.

Earl C. 'Tis very well, Sir, I have heard you out ;
But yet, I think, Sir, as I thought before,
As I must always think.

Sir E. [*Aside.*] This silly pride.

Hither, my lord, she comes :

Earl C. Yes, Sir, at last ; but, Sir,

Lord C. A most Protean variability.

At least she has the elements of fashion :

By all that's beautiful, a dainty creature !

Enter ELEANOR.

Frib. How like you now cream-cheese and radishes?

Sir E. My daughter Eleanor, my lord.

Earl C. I am glad,

Fair lady, you have favored us thus much.

Permit me introduce to you my son.

Lord C. Madam, I am your most poor servitor.

El. I should lack courtesy, should I say less
Than that I thank you : you are welcome all.

Earl C. She has a proud look, but my son shall
fix her.

Sir E. I doubt it not, my lord.

Earl C. A beauteous lady.

Sir E. Transplanted to the Court——

Earl C. Sir, she will grace it,

And the name of Courttown.

[*Aside.*] A queen might wear those jewels.

Sir E. My lord, wilt please you walk through my
poor grounds ?

Earl C. 'Twill gratify me much to view them, Sir.

Sir E. Entertain, daughter, this young gentleman
Till we return.

Earl C. Your graces, all your graces.
Look at her jewels, think of her plantations.
Show us the road, Sir Edward.

[*Exeunt* EARL COURTTOWN, SIR EDWARD,
and FRIBBLE.

Lord C. She's rich and handsome, and she shall be
noble. [*Admiring himself before a mirror.*
Not very great to-day ; but for the matter
In hand, we do not think we need despair.

El. He studies doubtless how he should address me,
Has heard that I am proud ; I'll speak to him.

[*Turns round, sees him at the glass from which
he lounges affectedly on to a couch.*

Lord C. This rosette is a very trifle large,
Too full blown for the season ; wretched tailor !
Where were thy scale and compass thus to place it
A line, or half a line from its position ?

El. Why, what a coxcomb's here.

Lord C. And yet the color
Is well, nay, very well.

El. This is strange courtship : how long will he
sit there,
Contemplating the sweet prospect of his person ?
Must I, whose very glances men count favors,
Whose smiles pour sunshine, wait until this fop
Thinks fit to throw me a word as 'twere an alms ?
The man is well enough ; 'tis pity now
He is so ate up with vanity.

Lord C. (sings). “ Cherry lips have shrewd persuasion,

What can argue like the eye ?
Reason swiftly makes invasion,
Breathing in a lover's sigh ;
What than citron sweeter far ?
Fie, fie, maiden, kisses are.”

El. I'll go ; I will not stop another minute

[Advancing towards him.]

My father bade me entertain your lordship :
I fear I lack the power. Indeed, I think
Mine may be fitly called the entertainment.
Perhaps 'tis more original than pleasing :
Court modes are new to country beauties, Sir.
We have been thought worthy a gentleman's notice ;
Now, lest I interrupt your pleasing studies,
I take my leave. *[Going.]*

Lord C. (suddenly starting up). Stay, lovely shepherdess, I prithee stay ;
From these poor eyes take not their light away.

El. Hast thou been cudgelling thy brains so long

To bring forth such a halting bit of song ?
Thou didst not use the light while it was day,
Why then complain of its departing ray ?
You see Sir, I can rhyme as well as you !

Lord C. Rapt in the contemplation of thy beauties——

El. Night is the season, Sir, for contemplation,
And so thy light will now withdraw itself :
Employ the hour well ; the weighty matter
Is yet to be determined as I think
Whether the tailor when he placed that rose
Got the fit latitude and longitude,
And all with mathematical precision.

Lord C. [*Aside.*] So I have touched your vanity
then, madam ;

[*To her.*] Fair Pastorella, be not so severe.

El. Marry forefend, my lord, I have been taught
To feel compassion for infirmity.

Lord C. 'Tis a good rule, and there's a saying, too,
Gentleness graces woman.

El. Very true, Sir ;
But when stout Hercules deigns ply the distaff,
If Omphale should rate him, where's the wonder ?

Lord C. There's mettle in this girl. [*Aside.*]
Why to say truth and lay aside these phrases
Of which, as I'm a gentleman, I weary,
Forgive me, if, in ceremonious courtesy,
I do not speak like Lancelot du Lac.

El. Assure yourself, my lord, I've seen enough,
Of the court graces, for this time, at least ;
When I am dying quite of weariness
Of the rough disposition of the country,
I'll come to you and beg a compliment ;
But will not too much tax your chivalry.

Lord C. Why, chivalry is truly out of fashion :
I, who have studied in our Charles's court,
And racketted with Rochester and Sedley,
May claim some little knowledge of the mode ;
And I do now assure you on my honor,
It is the most, most ill-bred thing on earth
To woo now in the old fantastic fashion
Of ceremonious duty and observance.

El. [*Aside.*] This folly is but picked up surely,
he
Seems even to deride it while he speaks it.

Lord C. The first of virtues is gentility,
In fact it is the very soul, the essence,
The sublimation, lady, of them all.

El. Sir, I have heard, a marriage to be happy
The parties should be equal : I can never
Be mate for such a courtly gentleman.
Over the high realms of gentility
Fashion sits throned, thou say'st ; I bow not to
her ;

So, being of different faith, and thus unequal
I here at once release thee from the engagement
Our fathers long have formed. I take my leave.
Farewell, sweet Sir.

Lord C. And fare thee well, proud lady.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Servants' Hall at SIR EDWARD FALCONER'S.*

STEWARD, COOK, GREGORY, RALPH.

Gre. There's nothing goes now as it used to do ;
No, nothing.

Ral. That's too true.

Cook. For twenty years here have I ruled the
roast,
And now I'm meddled with, and by a Frenchman ;
This skipjack that the Earl has brought from London,
Who never saw an honest joint of meat
Before he came to England.

Ral. Very true.

Cook. Why cannot gentlefolks content themselves
To eat their meat in the fashion of their fathers ?
What good do kickshaws ever do a man ?
A Frenchman never grows above five feet.

Ral. That's sure and certain, Master Cook, that is.

Stew. And there are worse things.

Gre. Yes, indeed there are.
His lordship's valet, I'm a modest man,
But, as you know, a kind of favorite
Among the wenches, in a proper way, Steward.
But though I make them now the prettiest speeches,
And though I dress me in my scarlet hose
(And there is nothing elevates a man
So much as good apparel, and the thought of it),
There's not a maid, from lady's own to dairy,

Will listen to me now, and smile, and so forth.
Oh, no, Lord Courttown's serving man's the mode,
And any handsome Englishman may jog.

Stew. You interrupt. I was about to observe
That we have greater grievances than these.
What do you say now of this Master Cecil?
Who's risen so suddenly and high in favour,
Trampling, as I may say, o'er honest heads
That have grown grey in service.

Gre. Mine's not grey.

Stew. The tenants now don't pay to me their
rents,
Nor beg for the renewal of their leases
Under the favor of good Master Steward.
Oh, no, the secretary is the man.
My friends, I say, I think no good of him.

Gre. He's civil enough.

Stew. But holds his head too high,
Silent, and haughty like. I shouldn't wonder
Were he to prove a Papist in disguise.

Gre. He may or may not be.

Ral. Oh, do you think so

Stew. He's always staring in the gallery yonder,
Among the family pictures ; and that one
Of our present master and his runaway brother,
Taken when they were schoolboys—I have seen him
Stand gazing at it by the hour together.
But, Gregory, tell us now about the marriage ;

You're in the secret, for the maid must know
Her mistress's, and you, of course, the maid's.

Gre. Perhaps I may be, Steward; but honor,
honor.

Yet I may say among friends, I am informed,
Although at first they came almost nigh fighting,
So scornful she, and he so—*nonchalant*——

Cook. Come, come, no French; we have too much
of that.

Gre. Just as you please, Sir; but I've infor-
mation

They're more disposed to draw together now,
And lover's quarrels easily are patched up;
So without doubt we soon shall have a wedding.

Ral. And we be quit of all the interlopers,
For sure they will to London when they're
married,

And leave us all to our old-fashioned ways.

Stew. Well, joy go with them, heartily, I say.
She's a brave lady, and he open-handed;
Rides well, shoots straight, and so forth. Let
us go
And drink their healths, by favor of the
butler,

In a good cup of the rare old October.

Cook. Ale is a comforter.

All.

Ay, ay, good steward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Chamber in Falconer Castle.* ELEANOR
alone. *Enter* LORD COURTTOWN.

Lord C. I would not willingly intrude upon you
My undesired presence ; but my honor
As well as yours (I speak it plainly, madam)
Demand we understand each other perfectly.

El. Sir, certainly ; it is my wish we should.
[*Aside.*] How much his manner's changed ; 'tis
assumed calmness.

Lord C. Then, madam, as I think, it is your wish
The agreement by our fathers made should be
No further prosecuted. You are silent.

El. I think I said so.

Lord C. If it be so, then,
I will not be a hindrance to your wishes,
Whate'er the sacrifice may cost myself.

El. [*Aside.*] Surely he loves me. What am I about ?
I do not love him, do I ?—and yet, now——

Lord C. Eleanor, forgive the familiar word,
Do not so scorn me as to send me hence,
Although I be not worthy your affection,
Without one parting word.

El. [*Aside.*] Can this man be
The same, and yet so different ?

Lord C. You wonder,
And well you may, to hear me speak as now
Sincerity and duteous love compel,
Shewing so different from my former self :

But, surely, lady, I must hate the folly
Which lost me, you.

El. [*After a pause.*] Sir, you were speaking, Sir.

Lord C. I have said now all that I dare to say ;
And do but linger here as memory
Ghost-like will watch where all its wealth lies hidden.

El. [*Aside.*] Oh ! I could love him, if this would
but last.

But is it a real change ? I'll try him. Sir,
Will you be pleased to listen while I sketch
That which you seemed to me when first we met ?

Lord C. Do it in mercy, lady, and thy tongue
Shall give a melody to that which else
Were a rough theme indeed.

El. I'll do it truly :

First, for your person, Sir ;
Considering who it was that fashioned it
I will say naught, but it had need be excellent
To make amends for all the care and cost
That you bestow on the adornment of it.
Your person and your dress (important things)
Disposed of thus, we come next to your mind.
I know 'tis not expected of a gentleman
In these days to have learning : 'tis enough
To shine at court, to be acquainted with
The newest, most unmeaning foreign phrases ;
To have a kind of glittering false wit,
That's always ready with an empty laugh

At modest merit or integrity
That scorns the base and tortuous path that now
Alone leads up to honor.
These are the graces, talents, qualities,
Which now make up the perfect gentleman ;
And these you seemed to have : but truth bids add,
E'en when I liked you least, I thought I saw
Sparks of a better spirit, shewing 'twas
Only a foolish garment, worn in fashion,
This now, I see, I trust, your proper dress.

Lord C. Lady, I fear the glass is far too faithful
That you have held up to me, but to prove
Your favorable thoughts were holy prophets,
I here put off my follies, and dare be
That which my better self hath often prompted :
Wilt thou forgive me, Eleanor, if now
I speak my true mind frankly.

El.

Sir, I listen.

Lord C. I see in thee a lady rich in beauty,
One upon whom Fortune's full beams have rested,
Till they at length too much have sunned the fruit.
Thy father's doting fondness has endowed thee
With all the graces and accomplishments
That can adorn a woman ; and yet these
(Be not offended, true love is plain spoken)
Should be like gems set in the richest gold,
Not spangles stuck upon a tawdry dress ; -
And all the art that has been lavished on thee,

And all the wealth Nature has stored thee with,
Almost do grow to faults by the proud spirit
Which sets by far too high a value on them,
And makes thee sniff with such complacency
The servile adulation that is paid thee ;
And makes thee grow so proud of that frail
 beauty,
That sickness in a week may rob thee of ;
Or, at the best, can only hold out, lady,
A few brief years : then, Eleanor, bethink thee,
When those sweet dimples are in wrinkles lost,
And when those lips which sweetly kiss each other,
Shall lose their freshness, and upon those cherries
Smiles, sunshine-like, to charm no more shall hover ;
In that sad wintry time, bethink thee, lady,
If thine affections have no faithful stay,
No resting-place, they'll turn to gall within thee,
At thought of all the blessings thou didst dash,
When he who loved thee well, and loved thee truly,
Knelt at thy feet as now he does.

El.

You take

A strange way surely to a lady's favor ;
To tell her of her faults, and all so roundly.

Lord C. You look upon me, and 'tis not with
 anger.

I never felt till now a worthy love ;
And worthily it has wrought within my bosom ;
It has taught me see my faults, blush for them seen,

And so resolve to amend them. Be but thou,
Who wert my good inspirer, guerdon too.

El. I will not be outdone in candor, Sir,
And so will own thy portrait justly limned ;
But I will strive to make it every day
Less and less like : and here, Sir, is my hand.
And now I'll tell you—no, I will not either,
Lest you grow vain again.

Enter SIR EDWARD FALCONER *and* EARL COURTOWN.

Sir E. Loving, my lord.

Earl C. I thought my son would make the tercel
stoop.

Sir E. It were a pity she took wing again.
What do you say, my lord, if we at once
Should celebrate the marriage ?

Earl C. I had wished
To have deferred awhile its solemnization,
To give more time for state, but that this morn
I have received advice of an affair]
Of some importance, and that claims my presence
As soon as possible in London. [*To his son.*] Sir,
Have you so well prevailed with the young lady,
That she will call you husband this same day ?

Lord C. I trust, Sir, that she will not check the
joy
I feel in thinking I possess her love
By an untimely scruple.

Sir E. Oh ! for her

Pray let her blushes speak ; it were too much
 To look for more than maiden's mute assent.
 Silence, you know, and pretty downcast looks
 To veil the crimsoned cheeks, tell an old story
 That has been conned before our time, my lord.
 Let us at once about the preparations.
 Within these two hours shall their hands be joined ;
 And blessings be upon them.

Lord C.

In her—all.

Sir E. Come, daughter, for the last time take my
 arm :

You soon shall have a younger one to lean on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Garden to the Mansion of SIR PHILIP
 HERBERT.*

YOUNG HERBERT and RACHEL seated in a Summer
 house.

Ra. I have been taught to speak truth from my
 cradle,

But scarce can do so now. I had no heart
 If I were not most grateful for the kindnesses
 Yourself and noble father have heaped on me.

Y. Her. Pray, lady, name them not.

Ra.

It pleases you, Sir,

(*As goodness uses*) to forget them all :
 But I must still acknowledge them, for that
 Is the poor payment I can only render.

Y. Her. This is no answer, Rachel, to my suit.

Ra. It is not; yet——

Y. Her. You pause.

Ra. I would not pain you——

And yet, what can I say? I know full well

The honor that you do me in your love ;

But cannot more reply to it than say

That from my earliest infancy I've had

No will but through my father ; he away,

It fits not I speak more.

Y. Her. But, my sweet Rachel,

It cannot be but that he would rejoice

To see thee sheltered in a husband's arms,

A loving husband's, Rachel, from the storms

That have so oft blown on thee.

Ra. Is it well

To urge me so? I fear my wishes fight

Already much too much upon your side ;

And more I cannot, must not, will not say ;

Perhaps e'en that's too much.

Y. Her. Then I may hope,

Your father's sanction gained, this hand I press

Ever will not so jealously be withdrawn,

But one day yield it mine. Bless that sweet look !

Enter OLD HERBERT.

O. Her. Why, Rachel, Frank, why, whither have
you got?

I see how it is.

Y. Her. Have you been seeking me, Sir ?

O. Her. Yes, marry have I ? What, in the name
of wonder,

Makes you so fond of running up in corners ?

Y. Her. I have been seated here, Sir.

O. Her. Oh ! no doubt ;

And pleasantly employed too. Ay, ay, Frank ?

Y. Her. Hush, Sir, you give her pain, see how she
blushes.

O. Her. Does she so ? Let me see, my eyes are
weak.

Hold up your head.

Ra. Now fie, Sir !

O. Her. Well ; well ; well !

Mind not my jests, I am a rough old man,
But yet I love thee, and will see thee righted ;
At least, I'll strive hard for it, and 'twas that
That brought me hither now. Go, pretty Rachel,
And don thine out-door dress ; thy most kind uncle
Has now his house, I hear, filled full of company ;
The guests assembled for his daughter's marriage.
Now is the time we should set up our claim,
So get thee ready, Rachel.

Ra. Sir, I put
Myself into your hands.

O. Her. Oh ! do you so ?
Suppose I turn you over to another :
What say you, Frank, now, would you undertake ?

Ra. When do you set out, Sir ?

O. Her. Immediately.

Ra. I would not press my claim so as to bring
The public odium on my uncle's name.
Perhaps some other time.

O. Her. You're a good girl,
A good kind-hearted girl ; but you must let
Old heads deal for you in affairs like these.
Now is the time ; so get thee ready, Rachel ;
I'll wait on thee, and Frank too, unless he
Should choose to walk in the garden while we go.

[*Exit RACHEL.*]

Of late he has ta'en much to that diversion,
Though on my life 'tis but when you are there.
Oh ! she is gone. Come, Frank.

[*Exeunt OLD HERBERT and YOUNG HERBERT.*]

SCENE IV.—*The open country. Church in the distance. Enter OLD HERBERT, YOUNG HERBERT, and RACHEL.*

O. Her Busy ? Denied ? Has he forgotten me ?
Or does he think that old Sir Philip Herbert
Will dance attendance, like some half-starved poet,
Or courtier living on a patron's smile ?
Why, what do I care for his daughter's
marriage ?
By Heaven I'll take my post at the church door,
Nor shall the bridal party pass its portal

Till every groom and lacquey know the story,
I'll ring it in his ears like an alarum.

Y. Her. Good Sir, control yourself.

O. Her.

No I will not,

I tell you that I will not. Answer, Rachel :

Was not your grandsire fast and firm my friend ?

And now you need my aid, shall you not have it ?

Ra. Indeed, I thank you for the so warm
interest

You feel for one who is almost an orphan.

But yet he is my father's brother, Sir.

This I cannot forget.

O. Her.

Neither will I :

I'll thunder it in his ears, and if he start,

Soon as his shaking's past, I'll say it again.

Y. Her. Now, he is but a doubtful enemy,
Let us not make him a determined one.

O. Her. Well, I did never feed on water-gruel ;
I cannot love with ardor and speak coldly,
Nor hate with sweet suavity. No, no :
I love to tell a rogue I think him one,
And break his pate if his false tongue deny it.
And as for you, Sir, on my life I cannot
Conceive whence you have got all this placidity.

Ra. I am sure, Sir, if your son speaks calmly,
yet

He feels as much and warmly in my cause
As even yourself ; indeed, indeed he does.

Y. Her. Dear Rachel, thanks. Oh ! would that I
could show
What I would do or suffer but to right thee.

O. Her. Why, yes, I think you have the Herbert
blood,
And good discretion, too, so after all,
I'll e'en take your advice, and as I'm certain
I ne'er shall have the patience to speak calmly,
Why you shall manage it, Frank, in your own fashion.

Y. Her. Hark ! I hear music.

O Her. And it comes this way.

Ra. 'Tis, as I think, the marriage procession, Sir.

O. Her. And here 'twill pass.

Y. Her. A few steps let's retire.

Ra. What a full, moving melody it is ;
How richly doth it hang upon the breeze ;
The very leaves that glitter in the sun
Are quivering as if in sympathy.
Do you not think angels discourse in music ?

Y. Her. I am sure good women do.

O. Her. Tush, fiddle faddle.
'Tis nothing after all but sticks and catgut.

Y. Her. Let us draw back

O. Her. Well, be it as you will,
Enter certain, strewing flowers and singing.

Bridal Chorus.

Strew the flowers thick, the bride's fair feet around ;
See now what bliss love on his votaries showers :

Frib. Do you not hear his lordship?

Y. Her.

Ay, we hear,

And also will be heard.

O. Her.

Ah, well said, Frank.

Y. Her. Bear witness, Truth, how much unwillingly

We interrupt this gentle ceremonial.

I would not be a rude guest at your bridal,

Nor would I press in at a time like this,

Like an ill omen. But of Justice' temple

The gates should never close, and he enthroned there

Should have an eye and ear as ever open

As the Eternal's own.

Sir E.

What justice seek ye?

If 'tis of me you ask it, you shall have it ;

But now I cannot hearken your complaints.

On there with the procession.

Y. Her.

Stop, I say ;

Thou go'st not hence till thou hast heard me out,

And these thy friends around.

O. Her.

Well said, again.

Sir E. What mean you? dare you? Take away these people——

Frib. Ah! take away these people instantly.

Y. Her. Who dares to lift his arm but from his side,
I'll lop it off as 'twere a bramble twig.

Lord C. How are we braved, and shall we tamely
bear it?

Y. Her. With you, my lord, I now have nought
to do.

Though here we stand but two against your many,
No living man shall stir from off this spot,
Till we have had full hearing.

O. Her. You will find,
The dangles by our side here are no courtiers,
But truest to their masters when in need ;
And for ourselves, father and son we stand,
Of the right sort, the English bull-dog breed,
Hew us to pieces, hack us limb from limb,
We will not quit our hold.

Earl C. Know you who 'tis
You speak so boldly to ?

Y. Her. A nobleman,
And one whose family we would preserve
From an unworthy union.

Earl C. What do you mean ?

Y. Her. [*Leading RACHEL forward.*] Ask it of
yonder trembling, guilty man,
With pallid cheek and quivering lip, why 'tis,
Ask him why 'tis we come.

Sir E. And why ? and what ?

Y. Her. Does not thy heart smite now against
thy ribs,
While with choked voice and trembling lips thou
askest ?
Sir, look here : dost thou not know these features ?

Dar'st thou deny them as the living impress,
Softened to feminine beauty, of thy brother,
Thy long-lost elder brother?

Earl C.

Elder brother!

Y. Her. Would'st thou dare stand and by the
altar's side—

The sacred altar's side—implore a blessing
Upon thine own child, doing yet such wrong
Unto thy brother's? Oh! remember, Sir,
He builds on worse than sand who builds on wrong!

Lord C. But wherefore should this hinder
The marriage ceremonial?

El.

Sir, forgive me:

I would not have you wed to my necessities,
And will not come a beggar to your arms.
This hand shall still remain a virgin hand,
Till all this be cleared up: and good, my father,
None knows so well as thou, if this be truth,
This gentleman has said. But if it be,
I charge thee, father, not to let the love
Thou bear'st me as thy daughter warp thee from
The way of right. If honesty demand
That we give up the riches and the state
That we have long called ours, and I with these
The loving hopes, this morn, that blossomed round
me,

Why, I will do it. I will strive to show
A mind above these things; but let us not,

To save our fortune, lose our honest name ;
Let not thy child blush when she calls thee
father

Ra. Alas ! poor lady !

Lord C. Oh ! most noble spirit !

How excellent this shows ! how does she rise
Superior to adverse circumstance !
Which only sets her off like the rich train
Of clouds that wait upon the setting sun.

Earl C. Sir Edward, we would hear from your
own lips

Your explanation.

Sir E. You, my lord, shall have it.

All that this gentleman has said may be
Most eloquent ; and more, it may be true.
And this young lady may, for ought I know,
Be, as she says, my niece, and so the child
Even of my elder brother. What of that ?
It does not strip me yet of my estate,
For that do I hold by my father's will.

Y. Her. His will !

Frib. Ay, certainly, young gentleman.

O. Her. And why the devil didn't you say this
before ?

Sir E. I am not bound, I think, to show my title
To every enquirer.

O. Her. [*Aside.*] A lie ;
A wicked lie, as I'm a living sinner.

Sir E. You look astonished, and you may be so ;
But, if you'll grant me till to-morrow, gentlemen,
I'll prove my words true.

Earl C. I rejoice to hear it ;
But, until then, we must defer the marriage.

[*Exeunt* OLD HERBERT, YOUNG HERBERT and
RACHEL at one door. *Earl COURTOWN*
and others on the opposite side.

[*Sir EDWARD FALCONER beckons a Servant.*

Sir E. Go, bid my secretary, Mr. Cecil,
Attend me in my study instantly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Study of Sir Edward Falconer.*

SIR EDWARD FALCONER alone.

Sir E. Oh, I am lost, beyond redemption lost ,
There is no way but that ; and that involves
Such peril that I tremble but to think of it :
Yet, what else can I do ? Can I bear see
My daughter, from the pinnacle of happiness,
Hurled into lowest want ? This marriage, too,
I have so toiled for, shamefully broke off,
And stand before the world a branded liar ?
This Cecil, can I trust him ? yet what else ?
He is a moody disappointed man,

With thoughts above his present state, and such
Are ever ready instruments of evil.

Enter HUBERT FALCONER.

[*Sir E. starts.*] Ha! who is there? Oh, Cecil, is it
you?

Hu. You sent for me, Sir?

Sir E. I would speak with you.

[*A pause.*] Cecil, go shut the door.

Hu. It is shut, Sir.

Sir E. But bolt it, Cecil; bolt it.

Hu. [*Aside.*] Whither tends this?

Sir E. Thou art a man that looks't upon the
world

With a most curious and observant eye.

Dost thou not, Cecil, see around thee
things

Warped as it were from their befitting state

And jarring one another? Is it right

Yon tottering miser should so grasp his gold,

Gathering it round him with a greedy clutch,

While those poor orphans starve?

That vice should be triumphant as it is,

And virtue in the dust?—that lowly merit

To swaggering insolence should doff the cap?—

That wealth should buy immunity in wrong,

And poverty be held as foulest sin,

And hunted out of all society?

Hu.

But is this so?

Sir E. Thou know'st it is : why do'st thou ask the question ?

If man should rank according to deserving,
How many a fool that glistens on its summit
Would grovel in the dust of Fortune's temple ?

Hu. [*Aside.*] I will not hold him back nor urge him on ;

No ! I will not do that. [*Aloud.*] It may be, Sir—
It may be as you say ; but I have heard,
Those who repine most commonly are those
Who wanted skill, or steadiness, or courage,
Or were in some one quality deficient,
Which should have helped them on.

Sir E. The common cant of satisfied prosperity :
Do we not daily see the wound-scarred veteran
Displaced by the raw boy ? the statesman rise
By base subserviency ? the lawyer mount
But by a lying tongue, and brazen face ?
The wise physician neglected for the quack ?
The honest tradesman an insolvent man
Ev'n while his neighbour cheat is flourishing ?
Now, Cecil, thou, I take it, art a man
As worthy fortune's favors as another,
And hast seen better days.

Hu.

I have indeed.

Sir E. Then why shouldst thou not strive to rise again ?

If, as I've said, the world has by its usage

Deprived thee of thy right, where then the wrong
If thine own hand should help thee to thine own ?
Although it be against this harsh world's law,
Why shouldst thou hesitate to break it when
Safely and to thine interest thou canst do so ?

Hu. Speak thy mind out ; what wouldst thou have
me do ?

Sir E. I bade thee not do anything, did I ?

Hu. [*Aside.*] His thoughts are evil by his anxious
features

And eye that seems to fear to raise itself :

[*Aloud.*] What is it thou dost aim at ? speak it out.

Sir E. But are you sure there are no eaves-
droppers ?

Hu. There is nought human here but you and me.

Sir E. Nought human, Cecil ; but there is an eye
Can pierce the ponderous roof above our heads ;
An ear that hearkens through the thickest walls ;
And there's a hand, too, to avenge iniquity—
But far be all these thoughts. Oh ! that I had
The grace to stand, or hardihood to plunge.
Come nearer, Cecil ; and I'll tell thee now—
But what is that ?

Hu. Why do you tremble so ?

Sir E. I thought I felt a breathing close beside
me.

Hu. [*Aside.*] How his soul labors. Nay, 'twas
nothing, Sir.

Sir E. Oh ! what a thing is guilt !

Hu. But who is guilty ?

Sir E. Do you ask who ? I, Cecil, it is I.

I may not be in act, but I soon shall be.

How you do look upon me—you can't read it ;

Do you see Forgery branded on my features ?

Hu. Forgery ?

Sir E. 'Tis out now, and I care not.

Yes, this must be and through your agency ;

How say you, will you serve me in this business ?

Nay, you must swear it, on the instant swear it,

Or else alive you never quit this place.

[*Shewing a pistol.*]

Hu. Madman—raise not against me thy hand.

Sir E. Ay, but I will, although thou wert my
father ;

Thou know'st too much already, self defence

Forbids me that I suffer thee to live,

Unless thou plungest in this deed as far

As I who move thee to it : now, then, choose.

Hu. What would you have me do ?

Sir E. Did you not hear me

Aver but now that by my father's will

I was entitled to these lands ? 'Twas false ;

He never left one.

Hu. Yet you have engaged——

Sir E. To-morrow to produce one, and I will :

But you must draw, and I will sign it, Cecil.

How, do you hesitate? Remember, I
Offer thee instant death, or life, with that
Which renders life delightful : affluence
To thee so long a menial forced to bear
The slights and bitterness of poverty,
Maddening to nature, Cecil, proud as thine :
'Tis thus I've read thee, and for this have trusted.

Hu. And I do hope that I shall live to show
How well that trust was placed ; in this, as in
All other things, I'll do your utmost pleasure.

Sir E. Did I not know thou wouldst, my faithful
servant,
Now I must go and wait upon my guests,
And hide an anxious heart 'neath a bland smile ;
But all our pains shall soon rewarded be.
But this one step, and I am ever free.

[*Exit.*

Hu. How strangely all things work together
here.
In what a labyrinth I am involved ;
I feel myself a passive instrument,
Borne onward by the current of events :
My course must be to follow out the clue
That can but lead to fortune.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SIR EDWARD FALCONER *alone in his Study.*

Sir E. They are assembled all, and waiting me ;
'Twill soon be over, and I free for ever
From these disquieting fears. Would it were morrow,
For then it would be done. This rough old knight
Will easily be deceived, and if he be not,
I stand so high in favor and authority,
I do but need a show of right to win.
But where is Cecil ?

Enter HUBERT FALCONER, with Parchments.

Hu. Here, Sir, at your pleasure.

Sir E. Oh ! my good servant, what a treasure art
thou !

And hast thou done it ? Is it all drawn out ?
In legal form, ha, and in legal phrase ?

Hu. It is, Sir, but——

Sir E. Oh ! we will have no buts.
That little word would yesterday have stirred me ;
But now it seems an age since yesternorn ;
And I have thought so much and fixedly
Upon this deed that it hath lost its terrors ;
And I have longed, longed, Cecil, for this hour.
Give me the will, and when I have perused it,
I'll put my name to it ; it is but signing
My own name, you know, Cecil, for my brother,
Although the elder, was a weakly child,
And so received not th' old family name.

M

Give me the deed, good Cecil. You have two ;
What is the other ?

Hu. Sir, a covenant
For bestowal of the reward.

Sir E. I know.
Ay, Cecil, ay, the farm : it shall be thine,
Surely, my faithful servant ; but anon
Will do for that. The will, Cecil, the will.

Hu. Have you considered, Sir, the heavy peril ?

Sir E. I have done more ; I have determined,
Sir,
So give it me at once.

Hu. And the great sin,
The fearful sin, to rob the fatherless,
For so is this young lady. How denounced
And threatened with the fierce consuming vengeance !

Sir E. This I have thought of, and this stirs
me not.
I can look boldly now, and not askance
On that I mean to do. Art thou afraid ?

Hu. My course is as determined as thine own.
Here is the will, Sir.

Sir E. So, so. Fairly drawn.
You should have ta'en some means to stain the parch-
ment,
As if with age ; but let that pass ; 'twill do.
[*Goes to the table.*] And now to sign it in my father's
hand.

Hu. [*Aside.*] What a strong calmness sits upon
his face,

Binding each several feature.

Sir E.

Cecil,—

Pray you hold down the corner of the parchment.

Why, your hand trembles! and you seem to
wonder

That I can hold this pen now without shaking.

But I am so resolved upon this deed,

My purpose gives me strength. [*Signing.*] So, Edward
Falconer,

'Twas thus he made his F's. Cecil, 'tis done!

Hu. But not yet witnessed, Sir.

Sir E.

Ay, do thou that.

Let's see: the names of tenants or old servants

Now dead, will do. Let's see.

Hu.

Nay, by your leave, Sir.

I have provided excellent witnesses

To finish this affair.

Sir E.

But who are they?

Hu. The officers of justice, villain!

Sir E.

Ha! [*Snatches at the will.*]

Hu.

Nay, Sir, nay.

Sir E. Slave, will you betray me?

Hu. Betray thee! Dar'st thou with those per-
jured lips,

Darest thou talk of faith?

Sir E.

Oh! miserable!

Hu. And wert thou atheist enough to think
Thou shouldst be suffered to complete this wickedness?
What, ho ! within there ! Seize this guilty man.

Sir E. Oh ! Cecil, call them not. Oh ! do but
spare me
But for a moment.

Hu. Well, what wouldst thou say ?

Sir E. Why wilt thou follow such a desperate
course ?

And is there no way left for my escape ?

Hu. Yes, there is one.

Sir E. What is it ?

Hu. Sign this deed.
You asked before what 'twas, now read and
sign.

Sir E. It gives the whole of my estate to thee,
My secretary !

Hu. Ay, Sir, so it does.
But then it only gives what is not thine,
Except by this forged will.

Sir E. And you would profit,
And by my sin ; and thus, then, like a villain
You would betray my confidence.

Hu. I would.
But, cunning man, what didst thou take me for
Except a villain, when thou didst seduce me
From the fair service I was bound to pay
To my old master's then deserted child.

What faith couldst thou expect from him who broke
faith ?

Oh ! what a fool were you to trust a villain !

Sir E. I was, I was, I was.

Hu.

Yet so it is,

Sin leaves itself no choice of instruments ;

And yet who is there that dare call me
villain ?

The world has harshly used me : I repay it.

I have not been rewarded to my merits,

And so mine own hand helps me to mine own.

What wrong am I then doing, if there be

A jot of truth in your philosophy ?

But we waste time. Your name, Sir, or a
halter.

Sir E. I will not sign it.

Hu.

Be it as you will.

I will call in the jailors, an it please you ;

But dare you face the things that must come
after—

The public trial and the open shame,

The silent prison and the execution,

The hangman, and the gibbet, and the rope,

The thousand faces all turned up to gaze,

Rejoiced to see a rich man hanged at last.

Can you bear this ?

Sir E.

Torturer ! I cannot.

Give me the paper.

Hu. Shall I hold the corner?
Your hand shakes now.

Sir E. **Fiend ! demon !**

Hu. Nay, Sir, nay
I pray you do not call by such hard names
Your honest Secretary, Master Cecil :
But now, I was good Cecil : will you sign it ?

Sir E. [*Signs the paper.*] So—'tis done—and I
am now a beggar !

Hu. And I am master here. What ho ! my guests.

Sir E. What wouldst thou do?

Hu. I would but call my guests.

Sir E. Oh ! Cecil, though thou treacherously hast
used me,

And though my wickedness is justly punished,
I did, meant thee no wrong ; oh ! spare me, spare me !
Here at thy feet I fling myself and clasp
Thy knees in abject supplication. Spare me
The bitter misery of open shame ;
Pray thee devise some means that Eleanor
Shall never know of this ; oh ! spare a father !
Oh ! call them not !

Hu. Forbear to hinder me.

Sir E. Hast thou no human feeling?

Hu. Hadst thou any?

Sir E. Alas ! yet Cecil, I did only mean,
Which was a sin, to wrong my brother's daughter,
But thou wilt murder mine.

Hu. [*Aside.*] Away, away.

The leech who spares the knife when it is needed,
Is weak and not humane. Release me, Sir.

Sir E. Oh ! by the name of father——

Hu. 'Tis useless, ho, what ho ! Sir Philip Herbert,
Earl Courttown, and my lord, and Mistress
Eleanor

Enter EARL and LORD COURTTOWN, OLD HERBERT,
YOUNG HERBERT, ELEANOR, and RACHEL.
FRIBBLE *is entering, but* HUBERT FALCONER
pushes him out.

Hu. No, by my father's soul, thou com'st not in ;
No, no ; not thou to look upon his shame.
Rachel, no word, no look of recognition.

O. Her. 'Fore gad, now, Master Secretary,
I love thee well for this.

Hu. Sir, you mistake to address me by that name,
No longer servant now, or secretary,
Sir, I am master here.

Y. Her Why what means this ?

Hu. Why, marry, this it means. You were bid
hither

To read the will by which this gentleman
Rightfully holds his title and estate,
And here it is, peruse it at your leisure:
'Tis signed and sealed, Sir ; signed and sealed, I say :
But in this hand I hold another deed
That I must also beg you to peruse,

Which gives this house and these fair lands to me,
His faithful secretary, Master Cecil.

Lord C. It is impossible.

Hu. Strange things do happen.

O. Her. Oh! there has been some monstrous
villainy,

'Tis plain as daylight, although what, I know not.

Earl C. Who can explain this mystery?

Hu. Aye, who?

You had better ask Sir Edward Falconer.

El. Father, dear father—oh, pray speak to me.

Sir E. Oh!

El. Father, in one word, tell me was't thy
hand

That signed this paper?

Sir E. Eleanor,—it was.

El. Then, Father, let us hence. What strange
events

Have placed thy fortune in this bad man's power.

I cannot tell, but do not let him triumph

At sight of our distress.

Sir E. Will no one rid me
Of this detested life? You! villain, you!
Will you not do it?

Hu. Art thou fit to die?
Wouldst dare to make the plunge into the darkness,
The never ending darkness of the grave,
With all that heap of sin upon thy head?

Sir E. And who art thou that dar'st reproach me
with it ?

Or how art thou less deep in guilt than I,
Although thou hast by cunning over-reached me.

Hu. Askest thou who I am ? Look on me well.
Think upon him thou art most bound to love,
Think upon him thou hast most deeply wronged,
Whose daughter clung to thee in her necessity
And rudely was shak'n off :
Think on thy once-loved, long-lost, injured brother,
Then see him standing here.

Sir E. The cup is full !

Hu. This very morn gave me intelligence
Of the withdrawal of the proclamation
For my discovery, for which I must thank
This gentleman [*pointing to OLD HERBERT.*]

Y. Her. Why, this is wonderful !

O. Her. Is this thy father, and didst thou conceal
it ?

Hu. It was my will she should.

Ra. Or surely, Sir,
I had with joy confided in your kindness.

Sir E. Come, Eleanor ; this is no place for us.

Lord C. Lady, I would not at a time like this
Press my love suit upon thee ; but I rather
Could bear be rated with intrusiveness
Than censured as unkind. I love thee better,
In those sweet tears of daughterly affection,

Than when thou shon'st in beauty's dazzling splendor,
Upon that morn that should have been our bridal.

El. I pray thee do not rob me of my calmness,
Nor speak again to me, nor think of one
Whom thou shalt see no more.

Sir E. This, I have wrought too.

Hu. Come, you linger, Sir.

Sir E. I pray you bear with me. A little while—
And I'll not trouble you.

O. Her. Are men turned wolves?
You will not follow vengeance to such lengths.
Oh ! had I known this, I had seen you hanged
Ere I had got your pardon.

Ra. You mistake him.

O. Her. You will not turn him naked on the
world,
And this his innocent child too !

Y. Her. Pray, have mercy.

Hu. The mercy that he showed unto my child,
Who shall dare blame me, I show him and his.

Y. Her. Why, He who sits on high and gives us
feelings
Above the soulless brutes ; who makes our hearts
So tenderly alive to the sweet impulses
Of social love and kindred ; who gives sense
To look into our own breast, and there reading
How full of wickedness that is doth teach
To view our brother's fault with charity ;

Who plucks the hand back raised in act to strike,
Crying : Rash man, remember thine own frailty ;—
Bear and forbear, forgive and be forgiven !

Sir E. Nay, do not plead for me ;
For I am past forgiveness upon earth ;
The remnant of my life I'll spend in striving
To make my peace above.

Hu. Sayest thou so ?
Then I need play a hateful part no longer.
Alas ! my brother ! [*Falls on SIR EDWARD'S neck.*

Ra. There, my father spake.

Hu. And didst thou, couldst thou think I was the
wretch,

My brother, that I seemed ? Indeed, 'tis true,
Stung by thy usage of my daughter, I
(And be thy fault now for the last time mentioned)
With a dark purpose entered in thy service ;
May Heaven that turned my thoughts, forgive me for
them !

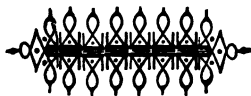
But when the old familiar things stood round me ;
The spreading beech whereon our names we carved,
The hall that once rang merry with our sports,
The board at which so many loved ones sat,
(All are gone now, save thee and me, my brother) ;
And when I gazed upon thy face, and traced
In the worn man the boy's frank, open features,
My friend and playmate, school and bed-fellow,—
My bowels yearned as Joseph's did of old,

Hu. You see, my Edward,
Others confess their faults as well as we.
But there is one has long been silent here,
And ne'er was a great talker ; hither, Rachel :
Young gentleman, in her adversity
Thou profer'dst courtship to this maiden here ;
In my prosperity I recompense thee.
Behold the rich reward ! Take her and love her !
The thing upon this earth the nighest Heaven
Is a good woman ; such an one I give thee ;
I who best know her, know not half her worth ;
Be it thy blest lot to prove it !

Edward !

[Placing his hand on his brother's shoulder.]

[Curtain falls.]



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO HIS FRIENDS

THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THESE POEMS.

It will be seen by the dates here and there appended that in their composition they extend over a long period of time. Some, written in early manhood, were stolen delights, or the work of intervals of leisure snatched from time occupied in very different pursuits ; some have been recently written ; only a few of the pieces have been published. All have received such correction and revision as the writer is able to bestow. Of their crudities and imperfections he is very sensible, yet he hopes that to those to whom he now dedicates them (some of whom may perhaps recall the scenes wherein and circumstances under which many of the poems were written) their presentation in this form will not be unwelcome. Whatever be their faults and "Although they are out-stripped by every pen," he asks such friends to say :

"THEIR'S FOR THEIR STYLE I'LL READ, HIS FOR HIS LOVE."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE.—*A retired part of a Park, with a Castle in the distance. Time, Sunset.* AYLMER, alone.

Aylmer. She will not come : why did I think she would ?

The blood of kings within her veins ; a dowry
Princes might covet ; beauty that makes poor
E'en these rich gifts : these are all hers, and what
Have I to set against them ? Fool ! fool ! fool !
A poor dependent, bred in charity ;
The sword I wear, my little skill to use it,
I can scarce call my own ; and to my teeth
This has been said ; the hand that raised, has spurned
me ;
And mine was tied, like coward's by his fears,
By the cold crushing weight of obligation.

I have borne this ! and now, if she should scorn me ;
Should that lip curl ; should those eyes look disdain-
ful ;

Should that sweet voice speak words of bitterness——

Enter SYBILLA.

Sybilla. Aylmer, I hope thou hast not tarried
long ;

I had sooner come, but on the sunny slope
Down by the hermitage, these early roses
(The first of the season) tempted me to wander.

But thou look'st sad. What chance has troubled thee

Aylmer. Sad, Sybil, how can that be with such
cause

For joy and happiness ! But heed not me ;
Tell me the story of these pretty roses.

Sybilla. Nay, there's no story, Aylmer ; an there
were

I could not tell it now. What is the matter ?
Anger and grief are on thy countenance ;
Thou canst not hide the troublesome visitants,
Nor shouldst from me.

Aylmer. I must not listen longer,
Or what are my resolves ? And this is she
Whose kindness I could doubt !

Sybilla. What is't you mean ?

Aylmer. Dear Sybil, I've a story to tell thee,
Since thou wilt not tell thine ; a story, Sybil,
That makes my cheek flush, and my heart beat thick.

But no ; no, no ; I will not sue thy pity ;
Not even thine. I pray thee sit awhile,

*(Leads her to a tree that has fallen across
the path, and on the trunk of which a rustic
seat has been carved out.)*

Till I have schooled this stubborn heart a little,
To clothe the thoughts that are now burning in it
In language such as fits the poor dependent
Speak to the Lady Sybilla of Limousin.

Sybilla. When Sybil's words are ireful, proud and
bitter,

The poor dependent Aylmer will do well
To arm him with this proud humility.

Aylmer. Forgive me, Sybil ; thou wast ever kind ;
Gentle and generous ; thy blood hath no scorn
But for unworthiness ; doth never rise
Save at oppression's tale, and else time flows
In tranquil current to the richest heart
That ever made this hard, cold world a Heaven.
A Paradise indeed, it hath been to me,
Holding thy blessed spirit ; but no more
May my feet wander here ; no more may I
Range these green woods, wild dells, and tangled
coverts.

The deer shall seek the gurgling water-course,
The dove flit furtively among the branches,
And thou shalt mark them, Sybil, as of old ;
But other hands shall part the clustering foliage,

Another arm support thee, and the music
Of that sweet voice another's ear drink in,
But mine—no more ; no more——

Sybilla. Alas, dear Aylmer, whither goest thou ?
What cruel doom of banishment has struck thee ?

Aylmer. Ah ! banishment, indeed : but, doom it is !
Why do I linger thus o'er what must be ?
My heart was stern erewhile, and steeled with pride ;
Thy presence, Sybil, and the dewy beauty,
And quiet of this lovely evening,
Have saddened and subdued me.

Sybilla. Oft I feel
Sad at this hour, thinking in after life
How many deepening thoughts must wait upon it ;
How friends must drop, how hope's bright hues must
fade ;
How all life's lights be quenched, until at last
As the tired day sinks in the lap of evening,
As the bird seeks its nest, as shuts the flower—
Death folds all in, as darkness, this fair world.

Aylmer. But still, for some, bright shall the
morning rise,
And light their sparkling eyes, and gild their cheeks ;
And the clear laugh shall ring upon the breeze,
And the light footstep dash away the dew ;
Then who will think of the tired wayfarer
Whose pilgrimage is closed ? No single moment
But ring a thousand knells : no laughter peals

But groans mix with it, and the funeral dirge
Breaks in unheeded on the bridal chorus !
Parting's a kind of death ; and, Sybilla,
When far away I wander, when, perhaps,
This throbbing heart is still, wilt thou, too, follow
The worldly fashion of forgetfulness ?
Or wilt thou, Sybilla, sometimes bestow
A thought on him who——

Sybilla. Do not leave us, Aylmer ;
Why wilt thou shape thyself a mournful destiny ?
My father's words were hasty, his quick nature
Knows not to curb his tongue ; but——

Aylmer. He dared call me
(And the sounds hiss still in mine ear) dependent ;
Base-born ; but that is false. He dared to tell me
Pity had bred, and charity had nurtured me ;
Reproached me with his obligations, Sybil.
Oh ! how they weigh upon my throbbing heart !
That I am not ungrateful, let it witness
That he—oh ! other guard he had—but, after this,
Starving, I'd take no berry from his hedge ;
Drought-parched, no stream of his should slake my
thirst ;
Rather I'd herd me with the wolves and foxes
Than his proud walls again should shelter me.
Nay, let them crumbling, fall and crush me when
I house me there again. Sybil, I go,
From them, and, ah ! from thee, this night for ever !

Sybilla. Alas ! alas !

Aylmer. Dear Sybilla ! You weep.

Sybilla. Have I no cause, hearing thy bitter words !

Aylmer. The breeze shall dry thy tears, and mirth
and pageant

Shall court the lady of these broad domains,

And Aylmer be forgotten. Be it so.

Why should it not ?

Sybilla. I did not think our parting
Unkindness should embitter.

Aylmer. Not for me,
Sweet, not for me these tears ; nay, dry them, dry
them.

My heart is bursting with its secret, and I must
speak :

Sybil, this day thy kinsmen have reviled me ;
Laid bare my state ; have shown me what I am ;
Have forced back to its source the veins' full current
That would have poured itself forth at their need,
Nor grudged their life drops. Oh ! do not *thou* so.
Sybil, thou hast seen me stern and wild and wayward ;
Thou know'st me landless, birthless, almost nameless ;
Yet, as I am, I have dared love thee, Sybil.
Dared ! Could I drink the music of thy voice,
Gaze on thy beauty, mark that form of grace,
Bask in the beaming witchery of that smile,
See thee so gentle, pure, and generous,
How could I see all this, and yet not love ?

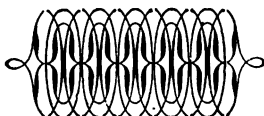
They err who say love needeth hope to feed on,
Mine fed upon my heart ; I know 'tis hopeless,
Yet it grows and strengthens, my bliss and torment ;
But though I loved, I had ne'er spoke my passion
Had fate not wrung my secret from me now.
I do not ask thy love ; I sue not pity ;
But do not scorn me ; give me word of kindness ;
One gentle look, one accent of forgiveness ;
And I go forth to trouble thee no more.

Sybilla (after a pause). Dear Aylmer ! we must
part. These tears perhaps
I ought to hide, but cannot ; they may show thee
How much the parting costs. My father's will,
My hand betrothed, my lofty but sad state,
Forbid that we should be to one another
What heretofore we have been. We but nurse
A misery into strength, may now be conquered
By dreaming otherwise. My dreams are over !
But, oh ! how thou didst wrong thyself and me,
To think that love like thine should meet with scorn,
Or that my lips should breathe it. Hard the heart
Would so repay so rich a sacrifice,
Though fate forbids to listen to the prayer.
Ah ! had our state been different ! This is useless.
Aylmer, farewell. Life hath its noble courses :
Be fortunate ! be happy ! let not passion
Dim thy bright soul, nor sorrow quench thy spirit.
I may not, must not love thee, but mine ear

Shall ne'er drink gladder sounds than those that honor
thee.

Farewell ! farewell ! and let me think of thee
As one I might not love, but one love-worthy !

*[He kneels at her feet during the latter part of
this speech, and at the end she leans over
him, kisses his forehead, and Exit.]*



HEREDITARY DISTINCTIONS VINDICATED.

You are to blame, and look but at the surface.
Society would stagnate were the spur
To honor and to virtue ta'en away ;
For who would prize distinction for himself
And not desire that after him his children
Should profit by his valor, virtue, merit ?
The merchant scarce would traffic, might he not
Bequeath his gettings unto those he loves.
The peasant, when he boasts his honest parents
Claims his share of hereditary honor.
Would wisdom rob his virtue of the stay
The proud, though humble, recollection gives ?
Ascend the social ladder, and still stronger
The influence works. He who may proudly glance
On a long line of noble ancestry
Has in the record motives, principles
Stir not the nameless man. When there he reads :
This ancestor died nobly in the field,
His country's stay, and saviour in example.
This was the liberal patron of the arts
That purify, and humanize, and raise
The soul above the dung-hill earth all spring from.
This was the poor man's friend ; the buckler this

That cover'd the oppress'd ! This dared stand forth
And in degenerate and obsequious times,
When truth was well-nigh mortal, spake the words
Of honesty and wisdom—exile paid him :
But when the flatterers had shrunk away,
The trusted failed, the prudent stood aloof
To watch the event ; in that dark frowning hour,
Who boldly battled by his Master's side !
The court disgraced him, but the camp has found him,
And there his blood is shed. And can it be
That rich red stream shall so sink in the ground
That his descendants shall not, kindling, feel
The inspiration of such deeds as these ?
Oh, Sir, the son of such an ancestry
Is raised upon the mountain of achievements
His fathers have built up ; and there he stands
In bold proportions against Heaven's own sky,
That pours its floods of glory on his head !



LEAVING ENGLAND.

I wander forth alone ;
Far from my father's hearth,
Dissevering every tie
Hath bound me from my birth.
I wander forth alone !
Oh, never more may I
O'er England's green fields range
Farewell to all familiar scenes ;
The very stars are strange !
I wander forth alone !
No love attuned voice
Steals gently on mine ear ;
Methinks I feel my sister's kiss
And see the half-check'd tear—
Oh, no, I am alone !
And him, the friend who clings,
Fast even as a brother
Eternally I leave ;
I ne'er shall know another.
Henceforth I am alone !
Like our first Parents, I
Musing, heart-heavy roam ;
The wide world all before me,
Behind my Eden home !
I wander forth alone !

BIRTHDAYS.

Time, bending 'neath another year,
Returns once more upon his track;
And one by one, so sweet and dear,
All the love-hallowed days come back.
Those resting-places still I mark
Where memory gath'ring flowers may stray,
Making, though all around be dark,
Their bright sun-shiny holiday.

But where are they, the loved, oh where,
Once hailed those days' return with me ?
Far distant—there is none to share
My pain or joy of memory :
The days come back, but me they find
'Mongst those to whom the days are nought ;
I clasp the deep thoughts in my mind
Unnoticed pass they—not forgot.

An exile in a far, strange land
I heave around a tearful eye ;
There solitary musing stand
And turn to that part of the sky
Where fancy pictures me my home,
Where dear ones are assembled all ;
How think they now of those who roam,
Our names how pray'rfully recall ?

And let me, too, a blessing seek
For them, oh, Lord, for them my prayer ;
Feed full of health the rosy cheek,
The aged head vouchsafe to spare ;
To that home temple come no trace
Of sickness, sorrow, strife or pain,
Grant in Thy mercy, and Thy grace,
That I may bow there once again !



DARK MOMENTS.

Oh ! demon of unrest ! Desire of change,
That dost thy wandering thousands, pilgrims send
O'er seas, 'neath skies, 'mid faces, voices strange,
Till the strong spirit with disease doth bend,
The cheek grow hectic, the enquiring eye
Look round on foreign faces all in vain,
Yearning for that encircling sympathy
That charms the serpents in the lash of pain,—
What hast thou not to answer for ? How few
Who from the Eden of their homes depart
In body, not in spirit, e'er shall view
Again that loved, longed refuge of the heart !
They left it high in hope, their bones shall be
In the strange churchyard, desert, forest, sea !



THE STORMY PETREL.

Gay little voyager,
Blithesome and cheery,
O'er the wild water with
Wing never weary ;
On, on thy cheerful course,
However roaring,
However fierce the waves,
Over them soaring.

Old Ocean's butterfly !
Fragile as flow'ret ;
Thy light wing need not fear
Storms should o'erpower it ;
Man in his stoutest ships
Quakes at the weather,
That from thy plumage soft
Stealeth no feather.

So may a woman seem
Weak, light, and bending ;
Yet if the mad storm come,
Howling and rending,
Towers of strength and trust
Round thee may shiver ;
Yet will her loving heart
Fail thee—ah, never !

RAINBOW ON THE OCEAN.

See, how yon bow's tremendous span,
Rests on th' illimitable sea ;
So are God's promises to man
Sustain'd upon eternity !

~~~~~

EPITAPHS.

---

What'er thy dearest is to thee,  
Was he who lieth here to me ;  
Thank then thy God, *thy* joy is left,  
And pity one of all bereft.

---

As flowers here bloom, so bloom the flowers of Faith ;  
By Heaven's dew moisten'd, fanned by Heaven's  
breath ;  
He who with so fair covering decks the sod,  
Will comfort thee. Weep then, but trust in God !

FAIR-WEATHER SEA.  

---

Merry, happy, sportive sea,  
Dancing thus incessantly ;  
Surely dwellers on dull earth  
Never know the life and mirth  
Of the voyagers by sea,  
Steering onward cheerily.

Here and there the mad waves run,  
Looking gaily at the sun ;  
Cherry bloom is not as white  
As that foam, nor half so bright ;  
Then how musical as well  
Is the plashing of the swell.

As the wave the breeze impinges,  
Rainbow-hued become the fringes ;  
Truly not so large and fair  
As the rainbow of the air ;  
But the sky can shew but one,  
Thousands laugh here in the sun.

Any common fish can swim,  
These through subtle air may skim ;  
Nautilus, that sailor old,

Spreads his rosy wing ; so bold  
And yet frail a thing as he  
Surely eyes did never see.

Land at night can never shew  
Aught but moon and stars I trow.  
Ocean in the darkest night  
Makes his shining waves all bright ;  
Stars are floating in the spray,  
And phosphoric fishes play.

Thousand sights we have as well,  
More than I have time to tell.  
Landlings, which of you will dare  
Your dull world with ours compare.  
In despite, contented be,  
All the world can't live at sea.



FOUL-WEATHER SEA.  

---

The sea's a subject mighty fine  
'Bout which to write or sing,  
But let a landsman try, he'll find  
It quite another thing.

There's no such thing as rest or ease  
For "member, joint, or limb,"  
And though you have not drunk a drop  
All things around you swim.

The wind they say is rather fresh,  
You'll find it very true ;  
The ship is reeling and the waves  
Are elevated too.

It matters not, 'tis just the same  
Or blow it north, or south,  
The waves like mad-dogs run about  
All foaming at the mouth.

You cannot read, you cannot write,  
Sit, walk, nor stand, nor lie ;  
You're sick if you remain below,  
On deck you're never dry.

And if you try to shave yourself,  
Your courage sorely fails—  
Water to wash you've just enough  
To hide your finger nails.

In a fix'd bed you cannot sleep,  
You're shaken so about,  
And if you venture in a cot  
You're sure to tumble out.

And this the Skipper says is fine,  
A pleasant, gentle breeze ;  
No souls save those who tempt them, know  
The perils of the seas.

I wish I were on shore again,  
Though on a rock 'twould please ;  
I'll give you leave to drown me when  
Next caught upon the seas.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pitching, tossing, rolling, rumbling,  
Nothing quiet, all things jumbling,  
Crashing, dashing, breaking, shaking,  
Creaking, squeaking, sleeping, waking,  
Holding, scolding, swearing, railing,  
These are all the joys of sailing.



THE JACKETS OF BLUE.

---

Well, now for a song, boys,  
My subject's not new,  
But hearty and honest,  
The jackets of blue !  
We've drunk "Sweethearts and wives,"  
And hope they'll prove true,  
As surely they ought, to  
The jackets of blue !

Wherever is water  
To bear up a keel,  
Of England's bold broadsides  
Has rattled the peal ;  
The foes who our flag saw  
The sight learn't to rue,  
For its folds floated over  
The jackets of blue !

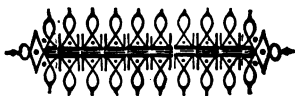
The Old English Lion  
Has conquered his foes,  
And sated with glory,  
Lies down in repose.



The world is at peace now,  
To whom is it due ?  
To God that's above, and  
The jackets of blue !

With echoes of battle  
Shall thanks end ? Ah, no !  
Our wealth and our greatness  
To commerce we owe ;  
Our ships yield to us more  
Than mines of Peru,  
They're guarded and manned by  
The jackets of blue !

Hurrah, for old England,  
Our freedom and laws ;  
Let small love their betters,  
Their betters give cause ;  
The good ship well guided  
By captain and crew,  
Hurrah for our land, and  
The jackets of blue !



## THE OAK AND THE MISTLETOE.

---

*Written, in the year 1838, in Hong Kong Bay in sight of  
H.M.S. "Druid."*

*"The tune of "Derry down" is as old as the time of the  
Druids."—Walter Scott.*

Our fathers the Britons (pray, ladies, don't faint)  
Wore little for clothing, but dabs of blue paint ;  
While Priests the old Druids with mistletoe crown,  
Sat hymning the Oak to this tune, Derry down.  
Down, down, down Derry down.

The tree then was sacred, and 'neath its broad shade,  
Crept the lover at eve and the trembling maid ;  
What young love to-day says, they said long ago,  
And bless'd the green Oak and the sweet Mistletoe.  
Down, down, &c.

The world still is changing, and gone the old race,  
Came chivalry's lords, knights, and squires in place ;  
In forest unhonored, the old Oak might grow,  
But dearly all loved still the sweet Mistletoe.  
Down, down, &c.

Once more wave thy branches my proud Oak on  
high,  
The pageants of chivalry all have passed by ;  
And Drake sails the seas, and brave Bess wears the  
crown ;  
How proudly all hail thee, and sing Derry down.  
Down, down, &c.

When copper-nosed Noll was stuck up for a king  
'Twas kiss in the corner, not kiss in the ring ;  
I hate the sour crew, but our history goes  
The Oak's smallest twig could still cudgel our foes.  
Derry down, &c.

And greenly he grows still, or gallantly falls,  
To build for his country her stout wooden walls ;  
Though priests 'neath his branches have ceased to  
adore,  
French, Spaniards, and Dutch the Oak bow down be-  
fore.  
Down, down, &c.

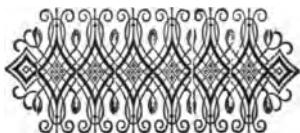
Green harbor of Freedom ! Tough root of renown ;  
Well worthy thy branches to shelter the crown ;  
Let the Queen on her throne, and the lowliest  
clown,  
Bless the tree underneath which was sung Derry  
down.  
Down, &c.

The circlet of gold now on fair brow is laid,  
The lion lies crouched at the feet of a maid ;  
'Twere shame to forget, while the brave Oak we sing,  
The plant that so lovingly to him doth cling.

Derry down, &c.

A health, boys ! Our ships, boys ; our ships and their  
crew ;  
The Oak of the forest ; the Hearts of Oak too ;  
With ripe lips to press, boys, strong arms for the foe,  
We'll honor the Oak, love the sweet Mistletoe.

Derry down, &c.



ANNIE.

---

No, no, she *is* not dead, mother,  
Though so deadly still she lie;  
Let me go near to her, mother,  
She'd ever a downcast eye :  
Alas ! my son, my own dear son,  
Death hath taken the tender one.

She cannot be dead, my mother,  
Though so very pale she be ;  
Her cheek was ever delicate as  
The first blossom on the tree ;  
Look up, look up, my only dear——  
Death, my son, hath closed her ear.

I say she *is* not dead, mother,  
Her sweet rose lips I *will* kiss ;  
The dew of life is upon them——  
Death *can* have no look like this !  
Oh, my son, my own dear son,  
Cold are the lips of the beautiful one.

Look up, look up, my only dear ;  
    Annie, knowest thou not *me* !  
If I had known, so cold thou'dst grown  
    I'd stayed in the far countrie—  
I've struggled, suffer'd, gold have got—  
And what's its use now ?—thou art not !  
  
And must thou lie in the cold churchyard,  
    And never more see the sun ?  
But I will be near, Annie, dear,  
    My life it is well nigh done.  
Death shall not part us from one another—  
Let me lie beside Annie, mother.



## ESMERALDA.



Most exquisite, most exquisite, and sweet !  
Divine creation of the poet's mind ;  
Embodied sunbeam, making almost blind  
The eye that strives thy prism hues to greet.  
How to our senses twinkle thy small feet,  
How trills that voice so full, and rich and kind ;  
How flash those dark eyes, as within them shrined  
Thy living soul there fixed its earthly seat.  
Sweet compound of voluptuous and ideal ;  
So passionate, so loving, yet so pure ;  
Too fair for earth, for spirit far too real.  
While love, and heart, and fancy shall endure  
So long shalt thou be worshipped with a zeal  
That finds itself but dumb to speak what it doth  
feel.



PARTING AND RETURN.

---

When last I saw thy pale and wasted face,  
And felt the fond clasp of that poor thin hand,  
While we, dear friend, did there leave-taking stand  
When thou didst part from me with faltering pace  
And left me there alone. Oh, how alone !  
I felt if I again saw home's dear shore  
That thou wert lost to me for ever more.  
That thou shouldst never joy in my return,  
Nor talk of all our happy days of yore,  
Making the present dearer with the thought,  
Of our long linked affection. Time has wrought  
Rudely upon me ; not for this I mourn,  
But ah ! because now near my journey's end  
Thou art not there to welcome me, dear friend.





GOOD-BYE.

---

Adieu ! Ah yes, may God defend thee,  
May ev'ry joy in life attend thee ;  
Health bless, hope strengthen, friends prove true,  
Love's sun shine bright. Adieu ! adieu !

Farewell ! Ah yes, fortune caressing  
Strew rich thy path with ev'ry blessing ;  
All heart can think all tongue can tell  
Of joy be thine. Farewell ! farewell !

Good-bye ! Ah yes, the word is dearer,  
Its warm and homely sound sincerer,  
For still link'd fast in loving tie  
God bless you, follows on good-bye.



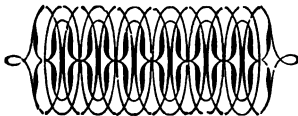
RIVER SONG.

---

Smoothly, swiftly, gently glide  
Onward with the favoring tide ;  
Rocks nor shoals endang'ring, so  
May with us life's current flow.

Rich and red as any rose  
In the stream how Phœbus glows ;  
O'er our course, until it end,  
Love, thy brighter radiance lend.

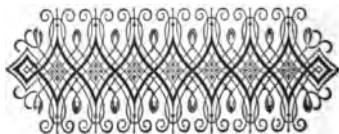
Ev'ning gently steals forth now  
With one fair star on her brow ;  
When death, life's night, seals our eyes,  
May the star of mercy rise !



## SUMMER FRIENDS.

---

Summer friends, away and leave me,  
Lightly held, we lightly part ;  
There is one, will not deceive me,  
Growing to my very heart !  
Fortune, all her worst has wrought me,  
In that all, how little smart ;  
I can smile, for she has taught me,  
Love, how very dear thou art !



THE POET'S GRAVE.

---

Hang up his harp ! there where the night's dull fingers,  
May waken tremblingly its sweet sad tone,  
Soothing his spirit, if still here it lingers  
With music wild and touching as his own.  
If any other sound  
Steal o'er this holy ground,  
Among the branches of yon silvery tree,  
Let the sad wail  
Of nightingale  
Pour forth our lov'd lost Poet's elegy.

In Nature's breast her favorite lies sleeping  
Tenderly lapped as mother laps her child,  
Over her darling careful watch still keeping,  
Looking down on him with her face so mild.  
If eyes so pure and clear  
May glisten with a tear,  
When not a star is glimmering in the blue,  
Upon the tender head  
Of drooping flowers shed  
Great Nature's eyes shall weep like morning dew.

---

THE FIVE TOASTS.

---

*Suggested by a favorite Swedish Song.*

In those bright hours, the cheerful board surrounding  
When friends are gather'd, and their hearts beat  
high ;

When pleasant chat, and merry lays are sounding,  
Five toast shall consecrate our revelry.

Our sweethearts ! fill the goblets to o'erflowing ;  
Sweet smiles, bright eyes, fair forms seem gathering  
round ;

We swear, we swear, our grateful hearts all glowing,  
Life's sweetest drops in true love's cup are found.

Our friends ! what name or sacred, or dearer,  
The brave, and noble, generous, kind, and  
true ;

Warm at our side, in danger pressing nearer,  
Drain, drain your glasses to the noble crew.

Our Fatherland ! Oh heavenly power defending,  
Shield it from all can work a nation woe ;  
Rather than see thee from thy height descending  
Thy children's life-blood free as wine shall flow.

A sadder cup ! My friends, alas how often  
Sorrow assails all on this mortal sphere ;  
To all who suffer, solace ! Our hearts soften,  
It will not spoil our wine to drop a tear.

Again, again your cheerful glasses filling,  
With heart and soul I give my final toast ;  
Love, friendship, kindness live within his dwelling,  
Here's health, and ev'ry blessing to our host.

In those bright hours the cheerful board surrounding,  
When friends are gather'd and their hearts beat  
high,

When pleasant chat, and merry lays are sounding  
These toasts shall consecrate our revelry.



FIDO v. AMARIS.

---

*Report of a case heard in the Parliament of Love. This fantastical tribunal was really established in Provence, and the cause of Fido and Amaris, the author found cited among others of the like gravity, in an article in the "Retrospective Review."*

Next a cause came to be heard  
Which much expectation stirred.  
Fido of his Amaris  
Did complain, that as a kiss  
She affected to bestow  
In pure love, to work him woe  
She had pricked him with a pin,  
So, prayed judgment on her sin.  
Amaris, in her defence  
Justified her innocence;  
Said, "the kiss was rudely taken,  
And that when the blossoms' shaken  
Roughly from the sweet rose-tree  
Pricked the fingers well may be.  
Sure she had best right alive  
To the honey of her hive,  
And to keep what was her right  
She would prick, or scratch, or bite."  
Then with aspect sternly grave

The fair judge her sentence gave.  
"E'er since heart and heart did join  
Kisses have been current coin,  
And to make this mintage base,  
Bring love's treasury in disgrace,  
Surely's a flagitious case.  
Thus then doth the court decree  
(Censuring her cruelty)  
Amaris, to suage its pain,  
Must the wound kiss well again."





LOVE SONG.

---

Who do precious jewels prize,  
And conceal them from men's eyes ;  
Ever if in casket kept  
Might they not as well have slept  
In the dark and gloomy mine,  
No sight gladdened by their shine ?

Be a perfume e'er so sweet  
Till the air encounter it,  
Who could tell within the glass  
That so rich a thing there was ?  
Buds that ope not to the air  
Have the canker gnawing there.

Pretty miser ! hoard not so  
Then the treasures thou dost owe ;  
Jewel, bid thy lover wear thee,  
Perfume, let his senses share thee,  
Other roses are in blossom,  
Take thy lover to thy bosom.

————:O:————

THE MAID OF CRETE,  
OR  
THE ORIGIN OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

---

List, a story, old but true,  
How the art of Painting grew.  
In the pleasant Isle of Crete  
Wrapp'd in slumber soft, and sweet,  
Lay a youth who long had paid  
Courtship to a too coy maid ;  
Yet e'en there, as he lies sleeping,  
With hush'd breath, and foot, light-creeping  
Is his own dear lady peeping.  
On his forehead wide and fair,  
Lifting just the glossy hair,  
Lightly breathes the summer air ;  
And a flood of yellow light,  
Pouring there its radiance bright,  
Gives the unconscious lover's face  
Something of a god-like grace ;  
While smiling lips which gently part,  
Murmur the name so near his heart.  
The maiden blushes like a rose,  
And pity in her bosom glows ;

Even in sleep her power confest ;  
Hard thus to disturb his rest !  
Then 'gan ask her gentle breast  
Wherefore it had been so cold,  
To the love tale often told ;  
And half vow'd another day,  
Answer in a gentler way.  
Cupid heard, keen listener ever,  
Laugh'd and cried out : " now or never ! "  
Startled at the sudden sound,  
Quick the maiden looks around ;  
And, oh, wonder ! sees the traces  
Of the features and the graces,  
She had there been gazing on,  
Pictur'd by the sloping sun,  
In broad shadow, full and fair,  
Ev'ry living line was there !  
Love can learn, tho' but a child  
Apt enough, if somewhat wild ;  
Quickly doth she trembling trace  
Upon the wall, her lover's face,  
Until delighted with success,  
She cannot hide her happiness,  
And half checked words of glad surprise,  
Unseal the happy slumberer's eyes.  
Happy slumber ! Happy waking !  
Youth, what joy on thee is breaking.  
He, indeed were a dull lover,

Could not now the truth discover ;  
He, indeed were faint of heart,  
Could not now well play his part ;  
He was neither—they agreed—  
So may all true lovers speed !  
Wedded were they, loved so dearly,  
'Tis said, there was a likeness yearly.



## SONG.

*(From the French.)*

---

My heart's desire, fancy's dream  
Is thee, still thee.  
Life's one thought, souls' bliss supreme  
Thee, only thee ;  
Can this world a joy bestow  
Joy, not in thee ?  
Or foul fortune plant a blow  
Un'suaged by thee !  
  
Holds my heart a hope on earth  
. Not fixed on thee ?  
What to noblest thought gives birth,  
My love for thee !  
Do I heed ambition's call,  
Sweet, 'tis for thee,  
Should I care to live at all  
Except for thee.  
  
Round me spells can others wreathe  
Like spells by thee.  
Vital as the air I breathe  
Art thou to me.  
Hope, wish, thought, my very life  
Centres in thee.  
Ruling star, oh, guide the fate  
Bound up in thee.

THE LOVE-LORN.

---

The flowers all hang heavy on the stalk

I have no heart to tend them ;

The birds are singing their melodious talk,

I have no ear to lend them ;

My eyes are dry with weariness and waking,

My grief-ful heart is very nigh to breaking.

As glad as ever is each village maiden,

Their merry smiling mocks me ;

I am a wretch with grief so overladen,

All mirth but shocks me ;

Oh, were I in the quiet church-yard sleeping,

Perhaps one tear he'd shed, who little heeds my  
weeping.



## LOVE'S DEATH.

The world's tormentor's dead ! His baleful eyes  
No more shall mock at human miseries—  
His cruel hand is nerveless ; tho' so small,  
Yet had it power to hold the earth in thrall ;  
But it is feeble now, and broke the dart  
That wrought such wondrous pain in every mortal  
heart.

Ev'n in death he's dangerous to the eyes,  
Do but look now, how daintily he lies.  
Who would believe that this so innocent cheek,  
So peachy soft, so rosy, and so sleek,  
Dimpled hath been with malice, or such lips  
Gave poisonous moisture to his wounding arrow tips.

In very sooth, he is a pretty boy,  
Let us forgive him then our heart's annoy,  
And lay him quietly where young birds sing,  
The summer over him will roses fling,  
And violets, like his breath, so scent the air  
That tip-toe treading maids shall deem him sleeping  
there.



VALEDICTORY.

---

Go, from my heart !  
Although it ache to lose thee,  
It hath no cell  
Where thought of thee shall dwell :  
Yet, wherefore didst so use me ?

Go, from my heart !  
Thine was its each fond beat.  
Couldst even guess  
Its faithfulness  
And yet that heart so cheat.

Go, to thy other love.  
Swear thyself fond, pure, true ;  
Teach him his rest,  
Build on thy breast  
Secure, then stab him too.





A LEGEND OF KOOSHAN.

---

The Temple of Kooshan, a short distance from the city of Foochow, is a favorite resort of foreigners, and a noble building very beautifully situated. The monks live as described in the text, and the three-legged pig was formerly an object of great curiosity and interest. It is sad to say that the miraculous breed has come to an end, the individual spoken of in the legend having long since

“Led his graces to the grave  
And left the world no copy.”

In the reign of the Emperor Fee-fa-fum,  
The hundred and first of the dynasty Hum,  
The temple far famed of Kooshan was founded.  
Half way up a mountain by mountains surrounded  
It flourishes still, a green retreat,  
Fragrant and cool in the fiercest heat.  
I will not trouble you much with description,  
Though of rocks, streams, and trees, I could mix a  
prescription,  
As I fear to my tale it might be detrimental  
If I suffered myself to grow too sentimental ;  
Yet just to shew, as I'd have you to know,  
If it suited my purpose I could be so,  
I'll say  
The rude wilds clasp it in their arms,  
As though they were enamored of the charms  
Which on their bosom there serenely rest,  
Like some rich beauty on a Satyr's breast.

The old monks lead lives of the strictest austerity,  
No wives must they have, and of course no posterity,  
But a thundering bell is unceasingly rung,  
As if to remind them of dear woman's tongue ;  
Hard their fate, hard their fare. No rich meat, no  
fat fishes,  
But whatever their longings, their wants or their  
wishes  
Rice, cabbage, and pease the sum of their dishes.  
And yet the poor wretches their fate to make  
harder,  
They've abundance of far better things in their larder,  
Or might have at least, as in pen and in sty  
There are plenty of pigs and poult(e)ry  
(Forgive the shocking orthography).  
And, marvel amongst all marvels there,  
At which all visitors go to stare  
A pig ! Holds he one leg in air ?  
Ah, no, a miracle there you see,  
One of a three-legged race is he ;  
And now I'll tell you his history.  
It chanced in days, then, long gone by  
There ruled o'er this society,  
A monk (so goes the true narration),  
For fasting who had small vocation ;  
Saint-like, he loved a life of ease,  
But then he didn't like parched pease,  
And as he munched the nasty ration,

Far from avoiding temptation,  
He'd still bewail his fortune hard,  
And haunt the pig and poultry yard.  
Can he in sleep forget his woes ?  
His feverish eye-lids will not close ;  
Why will those geese persist in cackling,  
Pigs grunt to make him dream of crackling ?  
He starts up, famine in his eye,  
Frenzied he rushes to the sty,  
Cost what it will he'll have a fry.  
O man of care, and guilt, and woe,  
Seldom dost thou that deep sleep know  
That binds so sweetly ev'ry sense,  
The sleep of pigs and innocence.  
Thus lay they now in peaceful slumber ;  
Swiftly, the fattest of their number  
Is seized, borne off, and where's the wonder.  
Let sages teach, or Buddha thunder,  
The devil has got the hand called upper,  
The priest a most delicious supper.

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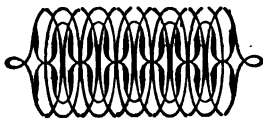
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The monk and the morning together arose,  
How *she* arrays herself ev'ry one knows,  
For his part the priest wore his dirty old clo'es,  
And bold as brass to the temple he goes,  
And thought as he went, the gluttonous sinner,  
Of the delicate spare-rib he'd have for his dinner.  
Then, as his wont was, he led the way

Earth's innocent fruits on the shrine to lay ;  
And who that had seen him kotowing there,  
Would have dreamed of aught but a night of prayer,  
Or of chop-sticks, the Chinese knife and fork,  
Greasy still from that leg of pork.  
Clatters the gong, and drones the hymn,  
The priest advances, sure Buddha looks grim,  
Ist fancy, or does he frown on him ?  
No dream it was of the wretched monk,  
For there as before the altar he sunk  
There thundered a voice—imagine his funk—  
“ Wretch on me wouldst thou play such a rig ?  
Where, oh, where, is my favorite pig ? ”  
What can the hapless sinner reply  
Save, with flutt'ring voice, and cow'ring eye,  
The old refuge seek in telling a lie :  
“ Where should he be, Buddha, except in his sty ? ”  
“ Liar ” shouts Buddha, “ thy shameful audacity  
Is equal, I see, to thy horrid voracity.  
Dost think me a God, wretch, of no perspicacity  
That thus thou dost hope to elude my sagacity ?  
I never yet heard such a breach of veracity.  
But now to confound thee a miracle see,  
Thy resuscitate victim on legs only three.”  
And, sure enough, there came hobbling in  
The three-legged proof of the glutton's sin.  
The pig gave a grunt, and the priest gave a groan  
And then before the altar lay prone,

Dead, as the poor pig's lost leg-bone.  
And ever since, a miraculous breed  
Of three-legged pigs one another succeed,  
A warning dread to monk, lover, and spouse  
Of the punishment due to broken vows.



TAKING SANCTUARY.

---

"Tis a sweet time, a gentle time,  
This pleasant time of Spring !  
It makes the human spirit light  
As any bird on wing.

The man of war would sheathe his sword,  
And set his captive free,  
The merchant would forget his gains,  
The proudest, humble be,

Would they but taste this balmy breeze,  
And hear the young birds sing,  
And see how fresh the meadows look  
In this sweet time of Spring.

But, ah, what sounds so fierce and wild,  
Come clamoring on the ear ?  
Is't that the Baron's hounds are out  
Chasing the dappled deer.

Behold the game ! Father, in Heav'n,  
Who formed this world for bliss,  
Forgive the creatures thou hast made  
Their share in scenes like this.

Not wolf, nor boar, nor dappled deer,  
These hunters have in view,  
But flesh and blood, their fellow-man,  
The quarry they pursue.

And, wherefore, is this horrid chase,  
And whither doth he flee ?  
He fast must run, who runs for life,  
To take the Sanctu'ry.

Stripped to the shirt, he labors on,  
Bearing a cross of wood,  
And wheresoe'er his sore feet fall,  
They leave their track in blood.

On his heaved breast big drops of sweat  
Are coursing ceaseless down,  
And every time he breathes, his breath  
Comes rattling like a groan.

Now, now's the time, his aching limbs  
Should serve him in good stead,  
Yet, as he strives to drag them on,  
They seem as made of lead.

The wretch's strength is failing him—  
Louder their clamors swell ;  
The horsemen ride, the footmen run,  
Fiercely, the bloodhounds yell.

He'd give a thousand pounds to know  
How far they're off his heels,  
Yet dares not turn to look, although  
Their breath he thinks he feels.

Hold on, hold on, a little while,  
See, there the sacred fane,  
In mercy, Heaven grant him strength,  
But, but to cross this plain.

Oh, may the arm that launched that dart  
Lose all its nerve, and skill—  
It pierces, does but graze, great God,  
The dog has caught his heel.

Despair his sinews strings afresh,—  
With one convulsive bound,  
He leapeth full a score of feet,  
And falls on holy ground.

"Welcome, my son," the good priest cries,  
"Within this peaceful place,  
Thy toil-worn limbs shall find repose,  
Thine erring spirit grace."

He does not hear, he cannot hear,  
(Good Christians hence and pray),  
For as he touch'd the hallowed ground,  
He gasped his life away.



Let masses for his soul be said,  
The convent bell go toll.  
Alas ! unshriven he has died,  
God's mercy on his soul !



THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

---

The good old time, the good old time—  
Of violence and blood !  
When station sheltered crime,  
And ev'ry strong man stood  
Supreme to rob, or maim, or kill  
As suited best his lordly will.

The good old days, the good old days—  
Of superstitious dread,  
When wisest e'en would awe-struck gaze  
At the bright comet overhead ;  
And mail-clad men with terror viewed,  
Bald age and hoar decrepitude.

Aye, aye, good times, good times indeed,  
Of sloth and ignorance ;  
When e'en the priest could scarcely read,  
And fell intolerance  
Ranged reeking thro' a darken'd land,  
With stake and cord and fiery brand.

\*

\*

\*

The roof is sacred o'er thy head,  
Thy children at thy knee ;  
Before thee is thy Bible spread,  
To read it thou art free ;  
No priest shall snatch it from thy hand,  
No lord to unjust war command

(As fits a serf his suzerain),  
Thy following in frantic broil,  
Or where his avarice may gain,  
Th' opportunity to spoil  
The tender maid of sire bereft,  
Or hapless widow lonely left.

All that thou earnest is thine own,  
Thy mind, thy body free ;  
In peace thou walkest forth alone,  
Sleep'st in security ;  
But that thou dost so, give God praise,  
Thou liv'st not in "the good old days."



## FRAGMENT OF CHAUCER MODERNIZED.

---

In the eternal volume of the sky  
The stars displayed, are characters on high,  
Where man may read his fortune, and his fate ;  
If dim the tale seem 'tis his sunken state  
Unfit by sin, that bright page to descry,  
Writ by the finger of the Deity.



## FIRST SIGHT OF ENGLAND.

(AFTER MANY YEARS' ABSENCE.)  

---

Land ! Land ! The sad, weary waste  
Of heaving billows, at length is past.  
Land ! Land ! But a line in sky,  
Half earth, half mist, as mocking the eye,  
Yet well we know by the wild heart's glee,  
'Tis England ! England ! there we see.

Land ! Land ! The good solid strand,  
The firm, the stable, and honest land.  
No more for the shifty wind care we,  
Nor a jot for the troublesome, tossing sea ;  
Though my English heart with pride may swell  
To the waters, I joyously bid farewell.

Land ! Land ! whether years ago  
Or yesterday left, our hearts still glow  
With the love, which warm'd when last our gaze  
Was fix'd on the dim, receding haze ;  
And ere it melted in distant sky,  
Tears half blinded the longing eye.

Land ! Land ! The fond and true  
Have cast long looks o'er the waters blue ;  
They have wept and wish'd, and prayed again,  
The wanderers unto their hearts to strain.  
O, may He, who has ruled the waves and wind,  
Grant all we love, we may safely find.

Land ! Land ! No foreboding sad  
Shall darken an hour so sweet and glad ;  
The clouds are parting, and clear and bright  
Flash on us now those cliffs so white ;  
Our wand'ring over, our dangers past,  
Land ! Land ! We are home at last.



## THE PLEA OF THE IVY.

(TO ONE WHO THREATENED ITS DESTRUCTION.)  

---

Ah, blame me not that with so strong a love  
My arms I clasp round that which I adorn,  
Which else, by time's despite, were left forlorn.  
If harmful in some sort my love should prove,  
It's noble nature is all change above.  
Spring's sickly wreaths, how speedily ye mourn,  
Summer's luxuriant growth is quickly shorn,  
And autumn's glories flush but to betray,  
Leaving who trust in them all bare and chill,  
While nothing can my faithful love remove ;  
But when fair-weather flatt'ers shrink away,  
Whate'er betideth, I am constant still,  
Cheerfully green, a shield and shelter form,  
Reckless of biting frost or blinding storm.

*Bisham, 1872.*

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## THE BURNING OF THE "GOLIATH."

(*As told by an old Gravesend Salt to a messmate in Greenwich  
Hospital.*)

A dirty, foggy morning 'twas,  
Grays loomed large, close a-lee ;  
The little ones was washing decks  
As reg'lar as could be ;  
There were five hundred workhouse lads  
A training for the sea.

"Goliath" was a stout old craft  
(You know the Bible name).  
The little Davids on her books  
Like him were very game.  
Ah ! she was built long, long before  
Iron in fashion came.

The bell had just struck half-past eight,  
As broke the winter's day ;  
On the main-deck 'twas dowsing glims,  
And stowing them away—  
Darn that new-fangled paraffin !  
That, Bill, is what I say.



Young Loëber had the lamps in charge,  
A steady boy, I'm told,  
One on 'em burnt his fingers, till  
He could'nt keep his hold ;  
Down fell the lamp ; along the deck  
The blazing oil it rolled.

"Fire!" "Beat to quarters!" "Man the pumps!"  
I say 'twas wonderful,  
How all the little fellows trooped  
As if to morning school,  
And had it been a game of play  
They couldn't 'a been more cool.

I've heerd of Balaclava,  
But *they* were bearded men,  
And these were little fellows  
Of thirteen, eight, and ten.  
Some calls 'em gutter children,  
God bless our gutters, then !

The Capt'n he was at his post,  
A smile upon his face ;  
And not one officer or lad  
But knew and kept his place.  
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be,  
That Fire must win the race.

Most of the little lads could swim ;  
But swim or not they made  
No noise, but stood as orderly  
As soldiers on parade.  
Bouchier had wife and girls aboard,  
Yet with them boys he stayed.

Till when the pumps no longer drew  
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board ;  
No lowering the boats ! Ship lost !  
The Captain gave the word,  
"Leap from the ports : swim them that can ;  
The rest, trust in the Lord !"

One little chap hung round his neck  
A blubbing, "Burnt you'll be.  
Jump over first, and then *we'll* jump."  
"No, no, my boy," says he,  
"The Captain's last to leave the ship,  
That is our way at sea."

So young and old their duty did,  
Like sailors, and like men :  
There was Hall, and there was Norris,  
And Gunton, Tye, and Fenn,  
Who swore he'd save the women,  
And did it, there and then.

R

The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet,  
Needs must when Wulcan drives,  
Hand over hand in sailor style,  
His daughters saved their lives ;  
Brave girls, you see, right well brought up,  
The stuff for sailors' wives !

On the tank-barge some twenty boys  
Had climbed dear life to save ;  
The flames burnt fierce, hot sparks fell fast,  
And some will always cave,  
So there arose a cry, " Shove off ;"  
All are not equal brave.

But Billy Bolton's boyish voice  
Sang out, " I'm mate in charge :  
There's room enough for plenty more,  
Hold on, there, with the barge."  
And so they did ; that little chap  
Has a heart brave and large.

And I do hope, that stout young heart  
Still upon duty set,  
And steering steady, he may live  
To wear an epaulet,  
Then, who can say he may not see  
His name in a Gazette !

But I can't tell you half that fell,  
How when they got ashore,  
The kind, good women kissed and hugged,  
And stript the clothes they wore,  
To wrap the boys all motherly,  
No mother could do more.

There was a little soldier lad,  
His old ship come to see,  
He's lost ! Poor Master Wheeler too,  
Likewise some two or three.  
To Heav'n have with dispatches gone,  
All rated there A. B.

As long as English workhouse lads  
Work up to such good stuff,  
Britannia still will rule the waves,  
Though here and there a muff,  
At Whitehall, or afloat, may make  
Old John Bull cut up rough.

This Ballad appeared in *Punch*, illustrated by one of Mr. Tenniel's admirable cartoons. It was hastily written, and the author was indebted to the accomplished Editor of that periodical for valuable emendations, most of which are here retained ; one new verse has been inserted. The catastrophe occurred on the 22nd December, 1875, and all the incidents related are taken exactly from the deeply interesting narrative of the *Times*. The loss of life, however, proved unhappily larger than was at first supposed.

## "THE DIVINE FIGURE."

Blood from his vesture dripping, lies from tongue,  
' The divine figure from the North " stalks by  
In grimly joy at the foul tragedy,  
For whose last act impious *Te Deums* sung  
Affront God's ear and shock humanity.  
And now exultant mongrels gather round  
The noble quarry standing still at bay ;  
The treacherous Greek, the beaten Servian hound,  
That cringing at his feet did mercy pray,  
And swore obedience only to betray.  
Europe looks on complacent ! What dost thou,  
My country, once the bulwark of th' oppress ?  
Wilt thou, a craven, veil thy lofty crest,  
Biding the despot's time, or grapple with him now !

From *Vanity Fair*, December, 1877.



SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

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Disband thine army, England, *sell* thy fleet,  
Shopkeepers were we always, wherefore then  
Retain the panoply of nobler men?  
When thou art bid wear penitential sheet  
For former deeds of honor, tamely meet  
The foot that spurns thee, and let facile pen,  
And not thy trusty sword, reply again.  
“*Un pouvoir fini*,” meekly should submit.  
England, no more thy once proud visage lift  
Amongst the nations. One has fought for thee,  
And been by thee deserted ; oh, 'twas thrift  
Worthy of shop-keeping heart, mind, and drift,  
To save thy blood and money, and stand by  
Seeking in her high deeds thine own security.

The date of the above, January 1878, will sufficiently explain the bitterness of feeling it expresses. Wiser and braver counsels, happily, *now* prevail.



TO M. W.

---

Not for the first time now have opened wide  
For thee the golden gates, and fluttering down  
A baby angel nestles at thy side,  
Woman's completion, and of wife the crown.  
But hitherto, ah woe, too brief their stay,  
They have but smiled on thee, and sped away.

Oh, be it thus no more ! The trembling joy  
Circling in all thy veins while clasping now  
God's latest gift, be thine without alloy.  
And sanctified by prayer, still deeper grow  
A mother's holy extasy possessing,  
Her longed for hope, and long deferred blessing.

6 October, 1877.



ANNIVERSARIES.

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As we wend on sad and slow,  
Birthdays into tomb-stones grow,  
And of mornings once so bright,  
Gath'ring tears obscure the light.  
Faint not therefor—onward press  
To that higher happiness,  
Not dependent on the breath  
Here exhaling. Count not death  
Foe of love, but its completion,  
In God's presence full accretion ;  
Where thou'lt bless, beyond "dim earth"  
Day of death, and day of birth.





L'ENVOI.

---

Ah, how many children daily  
On the rough world enter ! Gaily  
Careless some, some bold, some shrinking ;  
Sits at home the father thinking,  
Anxiously about their fate.

Will success their steps attend,  
Lover will they find, or friend ?  
Or will many a ruthless dart,  
All his loved ones strike to heart,  
Leave the father desolate ?

And now, my brain children—go—  
Many a happy hour I owe  
To the fancies sweet, bright, free,  
You have sometimes whispered me  
As in loneliness I sate.

E'en fond father, beautiful  
Must not call you ; dutiful  
I've pronounced you now, then I  
Cheerily will say, good-bye,  
Good-bye, children, small and great !





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